

The Sign *National Catholic Magazine*

February 1957 - 25¢

HOWARD MITCHELL, CONDUCTOR

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God, are my strength: why
me so far away; why must I
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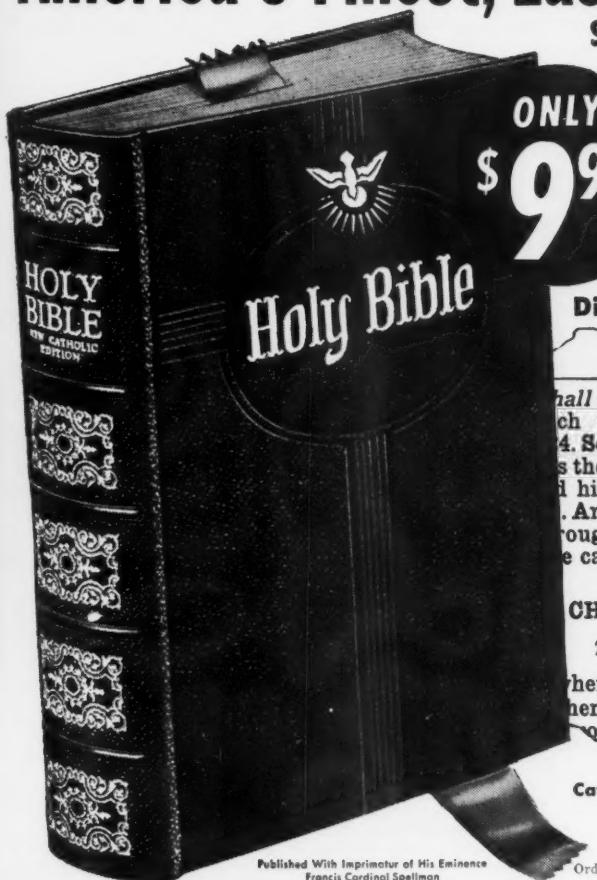
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shall call his name Emmanuel is, interpreted, "God 4. So Joseph, arising from s the angel of the Lord had i him, and took unto him . And he did not know her brought forth her firstborn e called his name Jesus.

CHAPTER 2.

The Magi

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Letters

CHRISTMAS?

"American Family Christmas" (December). Indeed it is very commendable. The commercial Christmas must stop, soon, very soon. Christ is the gift, nothing else is needed. But the whole article is a little contradictory. Santa must go—so they take a picture of Santa. The real meaning of Christmas must be recognized—so they have a small picture of the children fixing the Crib and a large picture of parents fixing gifts and tree. Doesn't add up. I guess photographer Jacques Lowe got his cues mixed. We could open any secular magazine and see the same picture story.

And what in the world does your cover mean? Focus on little girl, sideline Nativity. What is wrong with a complete Nativity scene every year, nothing else? Your cover this year will be found on every December secular magazine. It should be different.

Enough. I could go on. . . .

I might add, and should, I enjoy your magazine; it's both informative and entertaining.

JEAN GAYNOR

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE NEAR EAST

I thought I had a good idea of the old glorious isolationism of the U.S.A., but didn't believe it could tinge the thinking of the editor of a National Catholic Magazine. It is difficult to understand that Father Gorman is nauseated by extreme nationalism in one editorial and then endeavors to nauseate Commonwealth readers with extreme "isolationistic nationalism" in his "Near East Aggression." (December). . . .

Egyptian sovereignty, Nasser, and the Canal itself are merely a collection of pawns on an international chessboard; pawns that hid temporarily the mighty forces for good and evil which sooner or later must conflict. . . .

Please, please do not let yourself be blinded by the almighty American dollar—there are far more spiritual principles involved than dollar aid.

L. B. BOWDEN

TORONTO, CANADA.

If you were just a little honest with yourself and with the need you claim to profess, you would surely admit that these people who inhabit Israel now did have and do have an inherent right to the land of their ancestors. . . .

All this, I am sure, you know as well as I do, but your religious bigotry and your vituperative hatred make a mockery of your calling as a Christian preacher whose sacred creed and duty are supposed to be—"Love to mankind and charity to all."

M. RUBIN

PHILA., PA.

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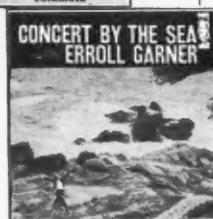
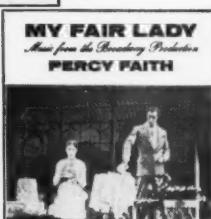
Whatever you have you owe to Almighty God. It is fitting that gratitude prompt you to provide assistance for one or more of those institutions promoting His Kingdom upon earth.

Let Our Divine Lord be among those specially remembered when the hour comes for you to leave all that you possess.

May we, for His honor and glory, and for the support of those laboring in His vineyard, suggest that this definite provision be embodied in your last will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of(\$) dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

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I have been very much surprised at the one-sidedness of your editorial in the December issue of THE SIGN.

Nowhere is mentioned the fact that Colonel Nasser has openly and repeatedly said that he was getting ready to invade Israel. . . .

I find no mention either of the fact that Nasser broke his engagements by refusing to let Israeli ships through the Suez Canal, and that he perfured Egypt by stealing the Suez Canal which had been built with foreign genius and foreign money, and was giving Egypt a large dividend. . . .

I approve completely your disavowal of outright aggression, but who was actually preparing for war? Was it not Colonel Nasser? . . .

J. P. NITSCH

ITHACA, N. Y.

It will undoubtedly go down, although unheralded, that your ability to cram so much common sense into one editorial (December) is one of the wonders of our journalistic age. . . . Of all the articles and magazines that I read and have read, only THE SIGN seems to know where it stands and why. . . .

Certainly I do not agree with you on many points, perhaps ranging from the picture cover to a certain article. If I agree with you on the Palestine question it is only because I have been to the Arab world myself where I saw thousands of Arab refugees wallowing in sinkholes, devoid of faith, and on the verge of despair. Yet no one has offered to re-settle them in Spain which they once occupied for hundreds of years. . . .

JOHN S. HABIB

HARPER WOODS, MICH.

A lasting peace between the Arab States and Israel is the first problem to be solved in the Middle East, as you say in your December editorial. . . .

With that every American should heartily agree. . . .

The more that editorials in the American dailies, weeklies, and magazines stress the ultimate and necessary objective—lasting peace—the sooner we will be impelled to seek and gain it.

HARRY W. FLANNERY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Your editorial on "Near East Aggression" in the December issue is fearlessly forthright and spreads welcome light on issues which have been deliberately confused by perverse propaganda and political blackmail.

WILLIAM B. PECSOK

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

UNMENTIONABLE PROBLEM

I have just read the article by Dr. John J. Kane in December issue of THE SIGN. He speaks of Protestant prejudice against the Church of Rome but does not mention the prejudice of the Roman Church against Protestant Churches. He takes it for granted that if anyone criticizes the Church of Rome, that person is prejudiced. . . .

I have traveled in Protestant circles all of my life and some of my dearest friends

are Roman Catholics. I have yet to hear any of my friends say anything but good about Roman Catholicism. There are Roman Catholics in all walks of American life and in high places of respect and responsibility. . . .

OVERTON O'HAM

CHICAGO, ILL.

If anti-Catholicism is an "Unmentionable Problem," how shall we label anti-non-Catholicism? "Unthinkable Problem?" For obviously Mr. Kane has not thought of it, or at least has not thought it worth mentioning. But anti-non-Catholicism does exist. Every fair-minded Catholic will admit that the average Catholic really knows no more about Judaism or Protestantism than the average non-Catholic really knows about Catholicism. And yet, we all know Catholics who think and act with prejudice against Jews and Protestants. . . .

My criticism is not a denial of anti-Catholicism. It is a denial of it as an "unmentionable problem" (printed in red letters) as a lead article in a prominent national Catholic monthly. I believe that too many Catholics have an exaggerated feeling of martyrdom which is a negative, illogical waste of energy leading to no positive good.

RICHARD A. BURKE

PHILA., PA.

Perhaps the silence about anti-Roman Catholicism to which Dr. Kane refers exists because in reality there is very little anti-Roman Catholic bigotry in the U. S. A.—too little, perhaps, for the magnitude of the threat to American civil liberty represented by the Roman Church. In my experience relatively few Americans are aware there is any danger.

Certainly there is little in either the historic or contemporary politico-religious activities of the Roman Church to warrant complacency in the matter. . . .

What might happen if the Roman Church controlled the electorate by weight of numbers is not nice to think about. . . .

Dr. Kane does Roman Catholics a distinct disservice by fanning the flames of paranoid delusions of persecution.

HAROLD I. HAAS, PH. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PROVENCE SHEPHERD

. . . I think the photo "Provence Shepherd" (December, page 11) is a masterpiece, as much as old paintings from Hals, Vermeer, di Credi, or Rembrandt. The portrait would be frameable in a size at least as big as a page. Thank you.

MRS. J. CHALLY
MORRIS, ILL.

THE THINKING CATHOLIC

I have just looked over the October issue of THE SIGN magazine. Your use, or should I say misuse, of the word "chauvinism" best indicates the whole complexion of the editorial "The Thinking Catholic." . . .

. . . Pope Pius XI said, "Charity will never be true charity unless it takes justice into constant account." Is it charity with justice to bankrupt our own country,

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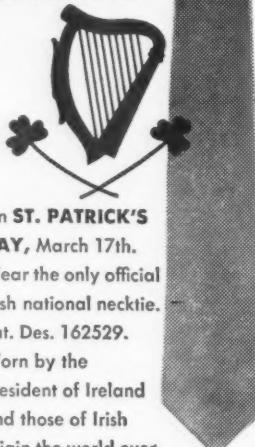
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thus putting ourselves into the hands of the receivers—the Godless atheists. . . .

MRS. J. P. MOTLEY

PHILA., PA.

I regret that I cannot conscientiously renew my subscription to your magazine, so much of which I have enjoyed reading. . . .

Don't you realize that the current cult for internationalism has nothing whatever in common with the age-old ideal of Christ's Kingdom on Earth—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—to which all true Catholics subscribe? . . .

M. J. HARFORD

CHICAGO, ILL.

To the three "thinking Catholics" who objected so strenuously to being told HOW to think by Father Gorman, I should like to point out the editorial was not a dictum on how to think but rather a challenge to THINK. If Negroes are so different, how are we different? We are not a "problem." We are a *people* and as such we have dignity inherent in being the children of God. . . .

MRS. FRANCES SPRINGER

PHILA., PA.

MUSICAL I.Q.

I have just read Paul Hume's article entitled "How's Your Musical I.Q.?" And I felt I just had to write to say how much I enjoyed it. I am a lover of music myself, and have been for most of my twenty-one years. My favorite music includes everything from Bach to Count Basie and Louis Armstrong. And I think that it is about time somebody defended the reputation of modern music, since the music from today's musical plays and the true jazz of twentieth-century America have earned the right to hold the rank of "good music." Thank you for this service to modern music.

MISS MARY C. WALSH

DETROIT, MICH.

DIETING

I have just read Katherine Burton's feature on dieting (November) and have only this to say: the only thing more tiresome than a frustrated fat woman is a smug skinny one!

MRS. JOHN O'HALLORAN, JR.
TIGARD, OREGON.

HAITI

I read with much interest the article in your magazine in reference to Voodooism in Haiti. (October) It pleases me to know that a magazine of your repute has focused its attention on this small island which I am happy to call "home." It pains me to see my island home misrepresented. . . .

Your figures concerning Voodoo and bad marriage are greatly exaggerated. Your figures are at least twenty-five years old. Fortunately, we have made progress during that time; and it would be more exact to reduce your figures by half or more, and say that 25 per cent or 30 per cent (Continued on page 80)

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1957



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COVER PHOTO BY JACQUES LOWE

Editor's page

A Guide for Our Times

THE Christmas message of the Holy Father was one of the greatest pronouncements of a truly great teacher. It might well be called "A Guide for Our Times." Here are just a few of the Holy Father's most significant declarations.

War against the Communists may justly be called a crusade.

"We have . . . avoided . . . calling Christendom to a crusade. We can, however, call for full understanding of the fact that where religion is a living, vital heritage, men do look upon the struggle unjustly forced on them by their enemy as a crusade."

We should not repeat the disunity and appeasement that led to World War II.

"It would be a fatal error to repeat . . . what happened during the years preceding the Second World War, when all the threatened nations, and not merely the smallest, sought their safety at the expense of others. . . . In the end, all together were overwhelmed in the holocaust. . . . Hence a definite need of this period . . . is the restoring of European solidarity."

Soviet Russia is willing to resort to force to Communize other nations.

"There is no longer room for doubt concerning the aims and methods which rely on tanks, when these latter noisily crash over borders sowing death in order to force civilian peoples into a pattern of life they explicitly detest."

Circumstances may be present in which war is justified.

" . . . In the present circumstances there can be verified . . . the situation wherein, every effort to avoid war being expended in vain, war—for effective self-defense and with the hope of a favorable outcome against unjust attack—could not be considered unlawful."

Under such circumstances, a Catholic may not in conscience refuse military service.

"A Catholic citizen cannot invoke his own conscience in order to refuse to serve and to fulfill those duties the law imposes."

The U.N. should at least have the right to send observers to critical points and should have the authority to deny U.N. rights to members who refuse to admit them.

"Their authority (the U.N.) should have its weight, at least through observers, in the places in which the essential values of man are in extreme danger. . . . One can wish that . . . the exercise

of their rights as members of this organization be denied to states which refuse even the admission of observers."

The U.N. should have the right and power to prevent military intervention and should have a police force to preserve order in the threatened state.

"(The U.N.) ought also to have the right and the power of forestalling all military intervention of one state in another, whatever the pretext under which it is effected, and also the right and power of assuming, by means of a sufficient police force, the safeguarding of order in the state which is threatened."

The U.N. should be strengthened, especially for effecting general disarmament.

"If we allude to these defects, it is because we desire to see the authority of the United Nations strengthened, especially for effecting general disarmament which we have so much at heart. In fact, only in the ambit of an institution like the United Nations can the promise of individual nations to reduce armament, especially to abandon production and use of certain arms, be mutually exchanged under the strict obligation of international law. Likewise, only the United Nations is at present in a position to exact the observance of this obligation by assuming effective control of the armaments of all nations without exception."

THE Holy Father doesn't give the pacifists much of a leg to stand on. He's hard too on the chauvinists and go-it-alone nationalists, the appeasers, the advocates of peace-at-any-price, the take-it-all-on-faith proponents of disarmament, the we-can-explain-it-all-away friends of Red Russia, the lunatic fringe that would weaken or even scuttle the U.N., and which mouths such slogans as "Get the U.S. out of the U.N. and the U.N. out of the U.S.," the perfectionists who will have no truck with an organization which has any defects.

Few messages of the Pope have been more important or more suited to the needs of the time. We recommend that it be read and re-read by all who have an interest in the solution of the enormous problems that beset us today.

Fr. Ralph Gorman, C.P.



After struggling with an oversize pencil for some time, the puzzled and unhappy king of *Through The Looking Glass* finally pants out, "My Dear I really must get a thinner pencil. I can't manage this one a bit: it writes all manner of things that I don't intend—"

The Pencil That Ruled the King

Like the king's pencil, more and more of the things we use are getting hard to manage. They are doing all manner of things we never intended.

Take the volume control on your radio or TV. You probably think that with it you can control the sound. But you're forgetting the engineer in the studio. Congressmen have recently been receiving complaints that the volume is going up during commercials. The report of the F. C. C. on December twenty-second shows that this is not as bad as it sounds. But the point is that when you sneak away from a commercial for a quick snack, you can't be too sure of getting away with it. The sound may go up just enough to follow you all the way to the ice box.

Speaking recently on "Aids For Environmental Control," Dr. Max Lund reported that the wings of a supersonic jet were torn off because the pilot couldn't let go of the control stick. Another jet pilot flew through a whole formation of jets without his or their knowing it. Machines, Dr. Lund said, were getting ahead of the men who made them. Swept-

wing cars are an improvement over the model-T. But we don't have to study recent accident reports to realize that modern cars make greater demands on the driver—he must be more alert and skillful, and his judgment better. The more man improves the car, the harder it is to control.

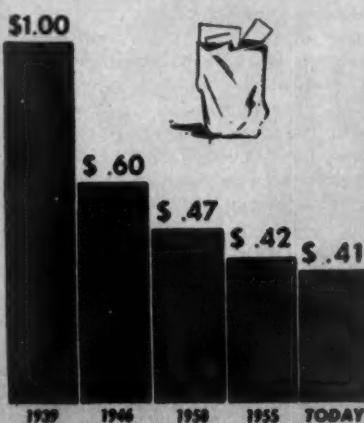
Setting type by hand, Gutenberg would have been flabbergasted by our linotype machines and high-speed presses. But today so much is printed that we need digests to keep up

with even a little of it—and much of it we could do very well without. The more books, magazines, and newspapers printed, the greater are the demands made

on us to choose and select. And the greater is the danger that we will choose wrong. The same is true of movies. We can make more movies, more realistic movies, and more technically perfect movies than formerly. But we also have multiplied the problems of using them in a reasonable—and therefore virtuous—way.

The point is that the more progress we make in technology, the more we surround ourselves with things that are hard to manage. That is why we have such organizations as the Atomic Energy Commission, the Federal Communications Commission, or the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Why we have many traffic laws, radar on highways, and patrolmen

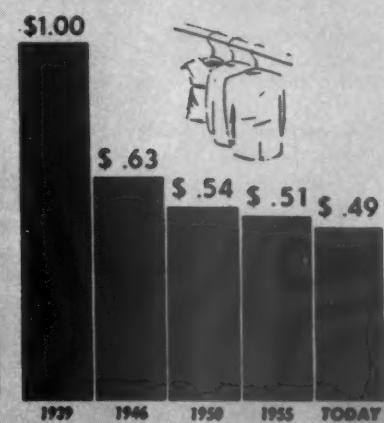
FOOD DOLLAR



RENT DOLLAR



APPAREL DOLLAR



United Press

Cost of living is now double what it was in 1939, with food prices leading the way, clothing just keeping pace, and rent lagging behind. Hardest hit are families with fixed incomes, pensions

in helicopters. Why we have the Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature. Why we have the Pope speaking on such things as automation or even noise. We are not advising the throwing out of radios and TV sets, the burning of books and movies, or the scrapping of automobiles and planes. This would certainly not be the popular solution and is not necessarily the best or only one. But constantly it is becoming more clear that we must learn to use these things in a human, virtuous way.

We cannot let them push us around. And they will—if we simply drift along with them. That's the easiest thing to do. But then we will find, like the king mentioned above, that we cannot manage them and that they are doing to us all manner of things that we never intended.

A cynic might say that the price of progress is an ulcer. At any rate, the prosperity that we have enjoyed over the last ten years has not brought any corresponding increase in contentment. Even casual readers of the business news will note an almost morbid preoccupation with the permanence of the boom. Good times seem abnormal; we are waiting for the ultimate crackup.

The Price Of Progress

On a smaller scale, the typical American family is paying its own price for progress. Our habits and customs have changed drastically, but by imperceptible degrees. As a result, few persons appreciate the strains that have cropped up.

So far as the family is concerned, the really fundamental change is the acceptance of debt as normal and even desirable. The old family tradition, still persisting in many parts of the world, looked down upon debt as a sign of bad family management. The one tolerated exception was the mortgage on the house. Even in this case, every effort was made to secure a substantial down payment. And the loan was paid off as quickly as possible.

In such a social atmosphere, people saved to buy things. Children might work for years at odd jobs, putting away small sums until one day they could become the proud owners of bicycles. An engaged couple would save for the purchase of furniture. After marriage they would continue to save, this time in anticipation of owning their own home. The luxuries of the day were out of reach until all debts were paid and the necessary savings accumulated.

All this was changed when installment buying became popular and respectable. Now one did not save in order to buy. One bought and enjoyed the use of the purchase while paying off installment loans. Gradually this practice developed a mental outlook that put practically every desirable purchase within the reach of the family. It was almost a matter of buying first, and then worrying about how to pay for it.

The newly married couple today will buy their furniture, and possibly a used car, on credit. This may not be fully paid off when they purchase a house, sometimes with no down payment.

Television, household appliances, a better automobile, and even their annual vacation may add to the credit charges.

To carry this debt, the wife may continue with her previous job. Her husband may even take on a second job to add to family finances.

In brief, young Americans today expect to begin family life at living standards higher than those attained by their grandparents at the end of a fruitful and hard-working career. Comforts and even luxuries are taken for granted. There is little thought that sickness or unemployment may turn these commitments into family tragedies.

While all this may seem as easy as writing one's signature

on an installment contract, there is inevitably some worry and tension connected with debt and the incessant demands for payments. Financial burdens can well be a source of marital friction. They can be a partial explanation of the rise in marriage failures and in juvenile delinquency.

Would we be old-fashioned to ask: Is all of this wise? Or would it be better to slow down and enjoy life more?

Economists have commented on the financial unrealities of our current prosperity. Back in 1939, they say, the dollar was worth a dollar—approximately. Today, it's worth fifty cents. The Administration is doing its best to restore the sawbuck to its former glory, but

The Psychology Behind the Boom

about is the psychology behind the boom. Americans have been whipped into a buy-buy-buy frame of mind and "hard money" isn't necessarily going to change things. Not, at least, if the magazines have anything to say about it. For to a large extent it is the mass magazines that reflect and create the unreal psychology behind the boom.

A glance through a few issues on the nation's newsstands will indicate just how unreal this psychology is. One magazine that is said to be aimed at young marrieds in the \$5,000-a-year bracket features twenty-two house plans. Average price of the homes—\$33,700 completely equipped, \$29,500 without extras. This is about twice what a family with an income of \$5,000 can actually afford.

Or maybe you want to redecorate the home you already have? Another magazine will tell you how to do it at a shade less than \$1,000 a room. Still want to redecorate?

Still another magazine features an article on how to make ends meet in marriage. Case in point: a poor fellow struggling to support a wife and three children on a mere \$12,500 salary. Consoles the writer, "Actually, this young man's plight is not as severe as it might be." Indeed it isn't.

Such is the American dream as portrayed in the magazines. And dream it is, for it bears little resemblance to the American reality. Millions of Americans are still trying to rear

families on wages of a dollar or two an hour. Many still suffer from unemployment, job discrimination, bad housing. But take even the "average" family earning \$80 to \$90 a week. What is the impact of the economic psychology on them?

We submit that many of them are being misled on an economic joyride that ends with them hopelessly in debt. While they struggle to keep up, the family lives on hot dogs and baked beans.

You can also see the impact of this situation in the pathetic young couples shopping for \$15,000 to \$20,000 homes on \$4,000 incomes. Some have been so taken in by the current "cult of the bathroom" that, as one real estate salesman told us, "They want a bath-and-a-half, or sometimes even two baths, and they don't even have enough to buy the house!"

What's the answer? We think there's a double answer.

First, many families will have to learn to face the facts of economic life. On a \$4,000 income, you can buy a \$10,000 house. You can't buy a \$15,000 or \$20,000 one.

Second, the nation owes it to its lower middle income families to see that housing they can afford is available. Today, the \$10,000 home has become about as rare as the dodo bird. Yet there is no reason why our much vaunted mass production methods should not be able to bring it back.

Until it returns (if it ever does), keep a tight hold on your purse strings and stay out of hock.



United Press

QUESTIONS FOR 1957

The Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-Six raised a lot of ugly questions that 1957 will have to answer—or bust. What can and should the U.S. do when its own allies refuse to abide by international rules for decent behavior? What can and should all free nations do when the Soviet war machine coldly goes about the job of crushing a people struggling to achieve a modicum of freedom? Is there any real basis for hoping that peace will come in our day? The Eisenhower Administration gave a flat answer to the first question by firmly and wisely opposing the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt, though as yet no one has come up with a permanent solution to the outstanding issues in the Middle East. The second question was ably answered in the Christmas message of Pope Pius XII. Free nations cannot just stand by while a people are crushed. They must at least use all sanctions short of war to penalize the aggressor. And even armed intervention against the aggressor would not be immoral. The last question about lasting peace remains the biggest enigma that 1957 faces. Until there are more men of good will, it will remain an enigma.



Key men who will decide the outcome of 1957 include U.S.'s Eisenhower, Russia's Khrushchev, Red China's Chou, India's Nehru, Israel's Ben Gurion, and Egypt's Nasser. Of them all, Ike and Nehru are most interested in peace, but a monkey wrench thrown in the works by any of the others could mean chaos



United Press Photos

That the problems of 1956 remain to plague the men of 1957 is clear from photos showing camel at a gas-short British filling station and a tiny Hungarian refugee arriving in Minnesota. Major Mideast issues still remain unresolved and another Red satellite blow-up is not a distant possibility



Religious News

Catholic Floyd Patterson, 21, succeeded Catholic Rocky Marciano as heavyweight champion by winning over Archie Moore. Floyd hails from Holy Rosary, Brooklyn



Quinton

Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce accepts award from Italian government after announcing her retirement as a diplomat. Mrs. Luce proved her versatility at post in Rome



Religious News

Something of a first must be credited to Lawrence Albert, who is believed to be the first Eskimo to come to the U.S. to study for priesthood. Alaskan Church is coming of age

Views in Brief

Might and Right. Violence is becoming a familiar way of handling international affairs: in Latin America, Africa, the Near and Far East. Violence is becoming a way of handling national affairs: we have seen it in labor problems and we see it now in the problem of segregation. Violence is becoming a way of handling personal affairs: we see it, occasionally, in sports and we see it, more generally, in an increasing number of crimes and misdemeanors. And it is no longer a question of "might makes right"—a slogan which was bad enough. Today there is little concern about rights. It is simply the idea that might is a way of getting what you want. And the acceptance of this idea by nations in international and national affairs is closely connected to its acceptance by individuals in their personal affairs. Any change must start with a change of individuals.

Side Issues. In a recent sermon to lawyers, Fr. Kenealy, S.J., highlighted two effects of segregation over and above the attack it involves on personal rights: "Peripheral to the main issue, but of serious civic importance, is the question of the spiritual damage segregation has done and is still doing to those who force it upon their fellow citizens, both Negro and white. . . . Peripheral also, but of momentous international importance, is the question of the diplomatic damage segregation has done and is still doing to our American aspirations to the moral leadership of the free world."

Problem for Parents. Though 42 per cent of over two million crimes were committed by children under eighteen, J. Edgar Hoover pointed out that of every 100 in the ten to seventeen age group, 97 live law-abiding lives. To live useful lives, he added, youths need discipline and training.

Baby Doll. In a reply to Francis Cardinal Spellman's condemnation of Baby Doll, Elia Kazan, the "sad-faced little man" who made the movie, is quoted by Life as saying: "The Catholic Church teaches that . . . there is good and bad in the world and you have to choose." In this respect Kazan is right. This is what the Church teaches. There is good and bad in the world. The trouble is that in making Baby Doll, Kazan apparently didn't choose, or rather he did but—as far as the Church is concerned—he chose wrongly. Some hint of why he chose wrongly may be gathered from something else Kazan said in his reply to the Cardinal. "Life is gross." That's about as neat a summation of Baby Doll as one can find. And that's what the Church does not teach.

Adults Only. Baby Doll aside, we can appreciate that the serious film artist faces a large difficulty when it comes to making adult movies in a mature, adult manner. Source of the conflict is the fact that motion pictures are mass media that cater to indiscriminate audiences. Two cases in point might be the Italian movies *La Strada* and *The Bicycle Thief*, which were artistic masterpieces but still received B ratings from the Legion of Decency. They were not pictures which children or adolescents should be allowed to see, but they were full of poignant meaning for discriminating adults. If such movies could play before limited audiences, they might be less objectionable. Here, we might take a tip from the British, who have a government censoring board that decides whether a movie can be shown to general or "adults only" audiences. There is some question whether the movie moguls of Hollywood would agree to this approach, but an attempt at it might be a good test of just how sincerely they love "art" more than they love "box office."

A Candle for My Mother

The author of the current best-seller "The Nun's Story" describes the path by which God led her, almost in spite of herself, into the Catholic Church

by KATHRYN HULME

THE PECULIAR RETICENCE that so many Protestants experience when speaking of religious matters lingers shadow-like in my emotions as I begin this sketch of the steps that led to my conversion. It was only five years ago that I made the final step which separated me from the four hundred years of Protestantism preceding it, and the atavism of shyness before God, like the behavior patterns of an old dog, persists.

I know, of course, that I did not make that final step or any of the others leading up to it, that I decided nothing. The steps were decided in and for me by Our Blessed Lord who perhaps took pity on my spiritual loneliness and one day called, *Come home*.

The day when I think I heard that call was not the 4th of August 1951 in St. Francis Xavier Parish of Phoenix, Arizona, when I stood with my sponsor and two friends beside a marble baptismal font and was received by a Jesuit Father into the Church. It was, I think (for who can really say *I know?*) a day several years earlier and many thousands of miles distant from the place of my baptism. And the call was no mysterious summons from pointless

space, but a ring of a telephone bell, followed by the familiar voice of my sister in California speaking to me in Germany, telling me that my beloved mother had died that day.

I was in Wurzburg, Bavaria. I had been overseas for almost five years, working with the United Nations relief teams in the Displaced Persons Branch, helping to clean up the human debris of a war that had been a civilian catastrophe. I had shared every phase of that immense heartbreak work with my mother, in letters which were later to become the basis for a book I was going to write. In fury and frustration and often at white heat, I had poured out for her alone the story of "man's inhumanity to man" which was not a cliché then, but a visual actuality recorded daily with hammer blows on all five senses.

My mother was my source of comfort in the world outside that sad, refugee-filled U. S. Zone of Occupation, an unfailing fount of sympathy, encouragement, and love. Often I shared her letters with team-mates, French and Belgian mainly, who had been orphaned by the war. When I gave her their names and a thumbnail sketch of their situations,

she remembered them in her Christmas boxes which were always filled with the specialties of San Francisco's Chinatown. "To bring a breath of San Francisco to my girls," she wrote.

I remember how I stared at the huge emigration chart in my office, seeing all its statistical peaks and dips in double, hearing still my sister's voice saying, "You must not cry, dear. She died peacefully in her sleep." But I knew, because my mother had once confided it to me, that she was afraid of death.

My grief sharpened as I remembered her fear. A sudden passionate desire swept over me to help her somehow, help her over that lonely journey back to her Maker which she had always called tremulously "the crossing over." I wanted to help her with something more than the formless personal prayers I sometimes whispered in moments of crisis, with prayers composed of words not of my subjective choosing. I needed words that had the weight of ancient authority and, most of all, a proper frame for their utterance. If I were a Catholic, I thought. *They had a Mass for the Dead. . . .*

It was not strange for me to have thought just then of a Catholic observ-

"The reticence that so many Protestants experience when speaking of religious matters lingers as I begin this sketch of the steps that led to my conversion"



ance. Before the war I had traipsed as a tourist in and out of Catholic churches all over France and Italy, seeking the art treasures they contained. Often there was a Mass being said, at some main altar that had a bas-relief mentioned in Baedeker, or in some side chapel where perhaps a glowing Raphael was hung. And I had waited until the Mass ended, watching the people kneeling and rising and wondering what it was all about.

The beauty of it I could see with my own two eyes—candlelight on embroidered vestments and the slow studied ges-

tures of the priest as he raised the golden chalice cup. Sometimes, to be inconspicuous, I had knelt with the praying people and once, in St. Peter's in Rome, I had dropped some lire into a small tin box and had lit a candle for my mother before the altar that contained Michaelangelo's matchless sculpture, the *Pietà*. She had been a little shocked when I wrote home about it, but only because she thought I might have been trespassing in places where I did not belong, save as a respectful tourist.

I wished now with a terrible ache that

I might "trespass" again. Würzburg had been the seat of an Archbishopsric since 741 A.D. and there were many beautiful old Catholic altars still left intact, despite the pattern-bombing at the end of the war which had reduced that queen baroque city to a shambles in twenty-nine minutes. I knew all the churches that had Riemenschneider carvings and Grunewald paintings, for I often drove the French and Belgian girls of my team to them for Sunday Mass, since I had a rank in the outfit which entitled me to a car of my own.



"I know that I did not make that final step. . . . The steps were decided in and for me by Our Blessed Lord"

"Never in my whole life had I felt so poor and so helpless as when I gazed through tears at the lovely old chapel whose bells could not be rung for me and mine"



"The only time I've ever felt sorry for the born Catholic was when I stood . . . beside the baptismal font and heard the anointing and the words which purified me and brought me home"

"Come in with us, Miss Hulme," they always pleaded and I always shook my head. My furtive flirtation with the beauties of a Church so justly called "the mother of the arts" was not, I felt, anything to be exposed to Catholic eyes.

I didn't know where to turn as I sat at my desk thinking of my gallant little mother making her "crossing over" all alone. I longed to have music, prayers, and candlelight about her. Marooned in the middle of Catholic Bavaria, the only church that could give what I wished for my mother was the Catholic Church.

In my heart of hearts, I knew what I really wanted. I wanted the moon. I wanted a Mass said for my frightened little mother. I had no idea why I thought a Mass would help her on her way, but I was certain that it would. I was equally certain (had I heard this or read it somewhere?) that Masses were not said for the likes of us, that only a Catholic could seek that special boon and that only for Catholics might a Mass be said.

From my office window I could see the spires of the fourteenth-century Marienkapelle high on the hill overlooking the River Main, one of the few churches in the town that had come through the bombings with most of its beauty intact. I thought of the long flight of stone stairs leading up to its Gothic portals and the Riemenschneider statues on its buttresses. Never in my whole life had I felt so poor and so helpless as when I gazed through tears at the lovely old chapel whose bells could not be rung for me and mine.

Two days later at ten o'clock in the morning, a Mass for the Dead was celebrated in memory of my mother in the Marienkapelle. Beside me in the carved oak pews were my French and Belgian team-mates who had made come true what I thought was a wish impossible of fulfillment.

On the night of my telephone call, they had guessed from my face that something had happened. They had come to my billet in the evening and with loving tact had drawn from me the admission that my mother had died. Acting as if their own mothers had been taken away again, they began to weep.

"We must ask a Mass," said one after a while.

"In the Marienkapelle where there's a German priest who speaks French," said another. "It will be easier to arrange there."

"Miss Hulme's mother loved high places with wide views," said a third. "She would know that we were praying for her from the highest place at our disposal."

They took the whole matter out of my hands. They smiled at me, as at an immature child, when I reminded them that neither my mother nor I were Catholics and that I, as far as I knew, had not even been baptized and was therefore categorized in their Church as a pagan. That made absolutely no difference, they assured me. Catholics pray for all souls, especially the most abandoned, they said. They asked me to drive them to the hilltop chapel to make arrangements.

"What should I pay?" I asked tremulously. You bought Masses, my Protectors

background reminded me. You bought Masses and sequences of prayers called Novenas just like any goods spread out on a shopping counter.

"Only what you might wish to give in gratitude," said one of my friends. She had read my thought and smiled forgivingly. "I'd suggest in this case a box or two of those Hershey chocolate bars from the PX and perhaps a carton of cigarettes, if you've got them to spare. Priests have their human longings too, especially these Germans in these times."

In the church, they gave me a French missal so I could follow the Mass. They placed a ribbon in a certain section and pointed to the caption entitled Daily Mass for the Departed. Nervously I translated the Offertory: "Oh Lord Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the deep pit; deliver them from the lion's mouth...." In my dismayed imagination, I saw my little mother, who jumped for a boo in the dark, skirting pits and lions' mouths. Then the Mass began.

I think it must be impossible to make a born Catholic understand how a first Mass, read and followed, affects one who is outside their Church. No one had ever told me (because of course I had never asked) that the service was a living memory of Christ's Last Supper with His disciples. None of my wide reading had ever uncovered the beauty of the changeless Canon dating from the fifth century and its immutable prayers of commemoration—for the living, for the saints and for the dead. In that last commemoration I found in the missal the words that I had sought for my gentle mother full of fears—"Grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and peace." And I think I prayed then, for the first time in my life with fervor and with absolute belief. I had the deep, consoling feeling that I was helping to bring my mother home forever to the kind of place she had lived in only for brief intervals while on earth, a place of refreshment, light, and peace.

I myself did not "come home" for three more years. I told my Catholic team-mates in Germany that someday, perhaps, I would look into the matter of taking instruction. Obviously, I said, here in Germany it was not feasible. My German and French were not good enough to sustain me in a theological discussion. Besides, I said, I couldn't talk with just any priest; only a Jesuit would do, one trained to worldly understanding. And there were no Jesuits in those parts. I fancied myself as an exceptional worldling whose past life had a special character which only the Jesuit mind might comprehend.

(Continued on page 77)



"I think it is impossible to make a born Catholic understand how a first Mass, read and followed, affects one who is outside the Church"



THE SIGN'S PEOPLE OF THE MONTH



John T. Lyons at home with his family: from the left, his wife Frances; daughter Frances, 13; and sons John, 9, and Michael, 5. Missing are babies Margaret, 1, and Elizabeth, 3 months. Mrs. Lyons is an accomplished artist and designer, even designed the Lyons home herself

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACQUES LOWE

ARTS FOR THE CHURCH

The Catholic Graphic Arts Guild of Philadelphia has come far since its conception as an idea in the mind of Rev. John G. McFadden, director of the fraternal city's Catholic Information Center. That idea first found flesh at a meeting of nine young men employed in the graphic arts and communications fields, and it has since grown to a membership of over 400-strong whose combined talents as writers, layout men, printers, engravers, broadcasters, artists, and newsmen have been put to the service of spreading God's truth.

Among the young men who have made the Guild an effective apostolic arm of the Church is John T. Lyons of Havertown, Pa., an advertising executive for DuPont and a former president of the Guild. As Lyons sees it, "In the Catholic Graphic Arts Guild there is a stirring of talent, a restlessness among competent, creative people to do something over and above the everyday tasks that earn their livelihood."

Typical of successful Guild efforts to do something "over and above" are the production of a play (*Jenny Kissed Me* by Jean Kerr), sponsorship of a religious art exhibit, and periodic publication of a handsome tract called *The Seed* that attempts to show the relevance of Catholic truth to people's daily lives. Written, designed, printed, and distributed by Guild members, *The Seed* has to date gone through seven issues with an average distribution of 50,000 to 75,000 copies.

HOPE FOR THE HOPELESS

Mary Elizabeth Young is a quiet, sympathetic woman who has probably helped more people than most other women of her time. Yet few of those she has aided know who she really is, for the aid that she gives is dispensed through the anonymity of a newspaper column written under a name that is a household word: Mary Haworth.

As Mary Haworth, Mrs. Young tries to give something more than advice: a substantial thread of hope that can lead to happier, more tranquil lives for those who ask her help. "When Eugene Meyer of the *Washington Post* first asked me to do the column years ago," she recalls, "we both agreed that people who are desperate enough to take their problems to a newspaper need to be treated with human dignity. We also agreed that what they needed was real help, not just advice. And so I became not only a human relations expert but also a kind of clearing house through which those in need could learn what community resources existed to meet their specific problems."

That the sincerity of this approach has abundantly succeeded is indicated by the fact that Mary Haworth's column now reaches 25 million readers in some 160 newspapers across the land.

In real life, Mrs. Young is no stranger to the search for Faith. Describing herself as a "lost and found" Catholic, she relates, "I grew up in a small, rural parish with only the skimpiest of Catholic educations. I did not finally discover the rich meaning of Catholicism until years later when I read those wonderful books of Mr. Frank Sheed, *A Map of Life*, *Theology and Sanity*, and *Society and Sanity*. Sheed, the Church, and the workings of the Holy Spirit were irresistible."



Mary Haworth: Sheed, the Church, and the Holy Spirit were irresistible

I Live in MADRID

by JOHN CULMER

After years in Spain, a Catholic asks himself, "What is most striking about the way Spaniards live?"

THREE BLOCKS DOWN the street from my apartment in Madrid, there is a school directed by the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, who have long played a prominent role in Spanish education.

It is a middle-class school where three hundred boys aged eight to fifteen get a carefully balanced training and are encouraged to play various outdoor games, which do not ordinarily form any significant part of Spanish schooling.

Last December, to mark the feast of the Immaculate Conception and the school's fiftieth anniversary, the Fathers organized a typically Spanish *fiesta*—a two-day affair which began with High Mass and ended with a three-hour explosion of fireworks in which the pop and sizzle of rockets and Roman candles illuminated the entire northern rim of the Spanish capital.

And just because it was a specifically

Spanish occasion, the highspot of the jamboree was what the good Fathers called a *fiesta taurina* but what you and I would call, quite bluntly, a bullfight, staged in the high-walled recreation yard where the boys ordinarily play basketball.

After being "played" with a cape, the bull was skilfully dispatched with a regulation bullfighter's sword, a long, curved, slender blade which, when properly used, kills the bull virtually instantaneously. And a half-hour later I saw the mass of red meat to which expert butchering had reduced the carcass being dragged off to the school kitchen.

As one of the apparently few foreigners who do not share the average American tourist's enthusiasm for bullfighting, I was admittedly shocked at the idea of a bullfight being staged in a boys' school. And then I remembered

that this was Spain, not the United States, and that I was not living in Memphis or Milwaukee, in Middlebury or Macon, but in Madrid. And I decided, as every foreigner living in Spain must sooner or later decide, to make the necessary allowances for differences in viewpoint between the Spanish and American attitudes to life.

Now, after more than two years in Spain, it has seemed worthwhile to ask myself what, as a Catholic, I have found most striking and significant in the Spanish way of life. For although I knew, when I first came to Spain, that I was moving into a country which through the centuries has somehow been different from the rest of Europe, I did not realize that I was going to live among a people who are more steeped in Catholicism than any other nation on earth. And I was frankly not prepared for the many



Processions are frequent in Spain. Above: A float on the Gran Vía during Holy Week. Below: Students celebrate the mid-term. Right: A university student, in a traditional costume, at a night festival





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paradoxes and contradictions which are typical of life in Spain.

There are undoubtedly many people in Spain who do not practice their religion, among them those who have inherited the antireligious and anticlerical bias of the past, but it is perfectly possible for a foreigner to live in Spain without realizing that such elements exist. For although you may occasionally meet a university student who proudly boasts that he neither goes to Mass nor believes in God, or a disillusioned middle-aged cynic who describes himself as a free-thinker or a "liberal," there is still in Spain a very strong Catholic life which is, I think, the aspect of this enigmatic country which most impresses an American Catholic.

There is none of the intimate "family" parish life that is such a striking feature of Catholicism in the United States, and

the average Spanish priest normally confines his contacts with his parishioners to his official duties in church and to sick visits and funerals. And I have met many priests, conservative as only Spaniards could be, who say that "fraternization" with their flock just is not customary in Spain and who insist that their parishioners would lose respect for them if, for example, they developed the habit of dropping in for an informal, unannounced visit.

Occasionally you will see young children run to kiss a priest's hand to beg his blessing, but Spaniards in general pay far less attention to a priest whom they see in the street than he would get, say, in New York. It is perfectly accurate to say that they ordinarily seem completely oblivious of his existence, although this is not to imply any active lack of respect for the clergy. It is just

that the Spanish way of looking at things is different from the American way. And it is only fair to say that the new generation of students for the priesthood now in training in Spanish seminaries are being given a broader view of a priest's social function and are learning that wider participation in parish life is at least a valuable secondary activity.

Another strange feature of Spanish life is the almost complete absence of a specifically Catholic Press. A few poorly produced sheets are sold, not very successfully, outside some churches, but they concentrate too exclusively on oversimplified piety of a strictly sentimental kind to make any very wide appeal. There is an intellectual monthly named *Nuestro Tiempo* ("Our Time"), but this is too specifically highbrow to reach more than a handful of Spaniards, and I find that I still miss a professionally



Time on their hands—
Spaniards always seem to have
time to spare to crowd
popular sidewalk cafes

produced general interest Catholic magazine of the type widely known in the United States. There is, for example, no Spanish magazine even faintly resembling *THE SIGN*.

Although bullfighting and football attract hundreds of thousands of almost fanatical spectators, most typical and most traditional Spanish amusements, in which everyone participates, are the *fiestas* scattered all through the calendar. It is worth remarking that the few secular holidays in Spain have never achieved anything like the popularity of these Catholic holidays.

There are national festivals like *Santiago*, on July 25, celebrating the feast of St. James, patron of Spain; *Nuestra Señora del Carmen* (Our Lady of Carmel) on July 16; and *Asuncion* (the Assumption) on August 15.

More typical, however, are the localized *fiestas* in which a town or a village, or, in Madrid, one particular section of the city, devotes anywhere from one to three weeks to honoring its own special patron, so that all summer long, somewhere in the city, you can find an entire area given over to holidaymaking.

Street after street is roofed over with chains of colored paper looped from house to house; centuries-old tapestries, and miles of bunting, in the red and gold Spanish national colors, hang from windows and balconies; roof-tops and terraces are garlanded with flowers and hung with paper lanterns.

The streets are jammed with open-fronted booths where you can buy a large variety of home-made but highly efficient noisemakers, test your marksmanship in a dozen different shooting ranges for a prize of a thimble-size glass of *conac* or *anis*, try your strength on weight-lifting machines, or simply joy-ride on old-fashioned ferris wheels and merry-go-rounds. You can take a mild gamble on a score of roulette wheels, drink red or white wine at a penny a glass, dance in the street under the flood-lit acacia trees, and finally wind up the evening in traditional fashion by sampling a cup of thick, over-sweet Spanish chocolate and a fistful of *churros*, the rope-thick, honey-colored dough which is a distant cousin of the American doughnut.

But like everything else in Spain, *fiestas* start late, and if you arrive before 11 P.M., you will be too early to see the fun, which does not begin to get under way until after midnight and is just about hitting its peak around 3 A.M.

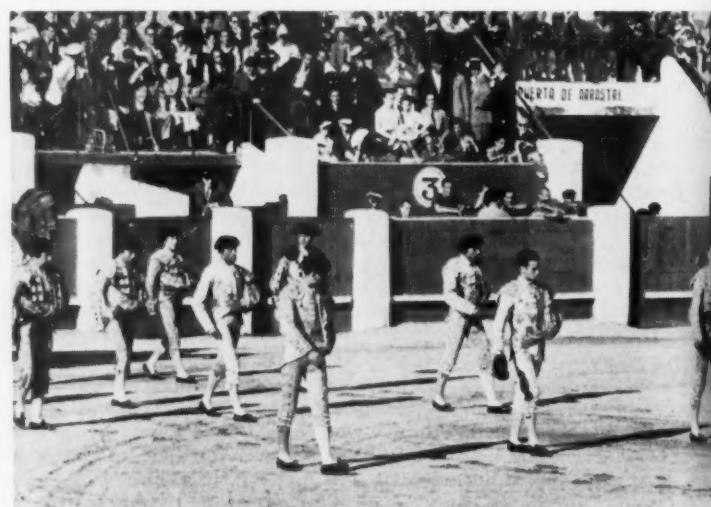
The foreigner who finds it difficult to adjust himself to dinner at 11 P.M. is likely to be shocked to see children of five and six playing in the street until long after midnight, for the early-to-bed principle obviously just does not make sense to the average Spanish parent.

I was somewhat startled when I first saw children not more than two years old sitting with their parents in *cafés* and bars and eagerly gulping wine or beer as their proud fathers held a glass to their lips. But the justification for this early "tippling" is that alcoholism as a problem just does not exist in Spain—a fact obviously also partly due to the universal custom by which bars and *cafés* open around 7 or 8 A.M. and stay open continuously until 2 or 3 A.M. next day. In Spain, just because you can buy almost any kind of liquor almost anywhere, at virtually any hour of the day or night, you find that you never feel the compelling need for a drink.

The average Spaniard drinks a glass or two of wine with his meals but he almost invariably weakens it with water. And invite him for a drink and he will quite happily spend an entire evening over a single glass of wine or *conac*, or, more probably, a cup of coffee.

Love of children and emphasis on family ties are universal in Spain, and any Spanish man will happily spend hours playing with his own or anyone else's children, entirely oblivious of the existence of any other person.

But this emphasis on the home and the family has produced one custom which the average English-speaking foreigner inevitably finds strange. For the average Spaniard will not ordinarily invite you to his home. And this has nothing whatever to do with your being a foreigner. He does not customarily invite Spanish friends to his house, which he regards as an intimate private domain to which, generally speaking,



Popular sport. Bullfighters in Madrid begin their ceremonial procession into the ring. Three front men are matadores

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only relatives are admitted. If he accepts your hospitality, he will return it by inviting you to a *café*, a bar, or a restaurant. The home is primarily a woman's realm, given up exclusively to the main business of family life, the nurture and training of the children.

Due to economic circumstances, more and more Spanish girls are going out to work—in offices, stores, and factories—but no Spanish girl ever thinks of herself as primarily a career woman, and her ultimate goal is marriage and a life devoted to the care of her children. Incidentally, no respectable Spanish girl is allowed out after 10:30 P.M., and if she does go to the movies with a boy friend—to the *matinee* ending around 9 P.M.—it is only if he is already well known to and approved by her parents.

You know at once that you are in a Catholic country by the Catholic names you meet every minute of the day. They are everywhere, as names of streets, stores, factories, hotels, bars, and *cafés*, as trade names for wine, canned foods, furniture, and clothing.

A waiter in the bar around the corner is called *Santos*—an abbreviation for *Todos los Santos* (All Saints)—while the many different titles by which Our Lady is known in Spain provide some strangely beautiful girls names, among them *Asuncion*, *Concepcion*, *Remedios*, *Dolores*, and *Carmen*. General Franco's third granddaughter, born this year, was named *Maria del Mar* (Mary of the Sea).

No new business gets under way in Spain, whether it be a hardware store, a hotel, a bottling plant or a cement factory, without an inaugural ceremony in

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which the installation is blessed by the parish priest. And a thoughtful provision for workers is the custom of early Masses, starting at 5 A.M., which are said each Sunday on the platforms of Madrid's four railroad stations, enabling thousands of Madrileños who take all-day trips to the country to attend Mass before starting out. These "railroad Masses" are said all through the year, in winter to meet the needs of those who go up to the Guadarrama mountains north of the city to ski, and in summer for those who go hiking or swimming in the foothills.

Perhaps it is not surprising, in a country which produced St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Dominic, St. Teresa of Avila, and St. John of the Cross, that the saints are so widely and enthusiastically honored in Spain, but for a foreigner it is nevertheless a refreshing experience to discover just how deeply devotion to the saints runs through the whole of Spanish life.

Almost every week workers in one trade or another are keeping their saint's day, and unless you follow a carefully marked calendar you will find that the shoe repair shop on the corner, or the grocery store down the street, is closed for the day.

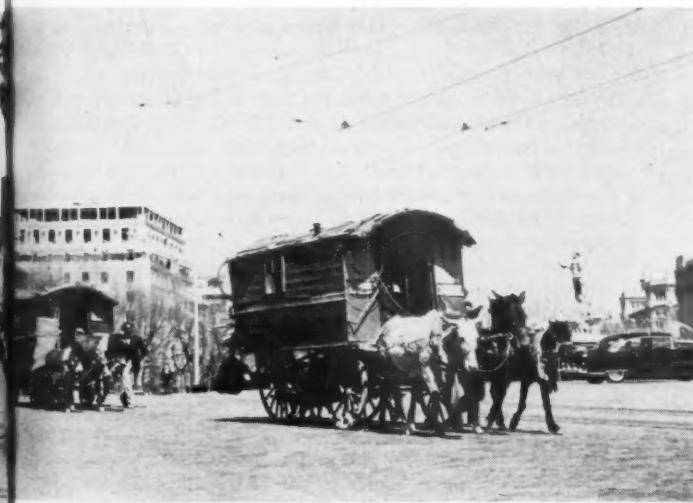
The celebrations start, of course, with High Mass at one of Madrid's bigger churches, followed by a get-together

dinner, a distribution of free food to needy families, and most probably by a bullfight. And the same procedure is followed whether the occupation be bullfighting, school teaching, tailoring, plumbing, or carpentering.

In Madrid, unless you go to Sunday Mass before 10 o'clock, you find every church in the city so uncomfortably crowded that it is difficult to get standing room, let alone a seat.

I have heard more than one American, shocked by the relative poverty of Spain and the lack of modern gadgets and labor-saving equipment which are commonplace in the United States, say: "The trouble with this country is that it's fifty years behind the times." And there are specific aspects of life in Spain to which this criticism applies with complete accuracy. Lack of industrial equipment and of modern methods of manufacture, among other things, certainly gives the average visitor the impression that in many ways Spain is still a "backward" country. And you can often hear foreigners—and not always Americans—say "These people have got an awful lot to learn."

But I personally find it a continuously stimulating experience to live in a country where Catholicism is not a thing apart but is as obvious, as necessary, and as much taken for granted as winter and summer, sunrise and sunset. And the longer I stay in Spain the more certain I feel that maybe this country still has a lot to teach the rest of the western world from the depth of her centuries-old, and specifically Catholic, culture.



Madrid is a city of contrasts. Above: A band of gypsies crosses one of Madrid's most elegant avenues. Right: Spain's biggest and tallest building, the 27-story Edificio Espana



Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Reading for Children

When one looks over the rows of young children's books today one is struck by their beauty, the artlessly charming pictures, the brevity of text—and also by their cost. Three dollars seems a lot of money to pay out for a book which a child can go through in less than an hour.

As the age level goes up there is more text and less picture, but many of these are also artless: the writers seem to be writing down to the young reader and what one misses in these attractive books is something that children's books of an older day had—a strength—dare I use words rarely uttered today lest they do something to the child's supposedly fragile psyche—an emphasis on rugged virtue and on equally rugged sin.

Now and then one of the old standbys is printed anew and it is a joy to stray through its pages—Birds' *Christmas Carol*, for instance, a really good story and yet basically it illustrates the spiritual value of suffering. Or *Black Beauty* or *Beautiful Joe*, if anyone remembers them, which taught graphically the horror of cruelty and the beauty of kindness. Or Andersen's fairy tales, such as the one about the little girl in whose heart the Snow Queen put a splinter of ice or the story of the red shoes which shows vividly the consequences of pride.

An earlier generation was started out with tougher stuff than today when we, in our loving care, underestimate the toughness of young brains. And we especially fail the child, it seems to me, in the school readers which are in many ways the most important of all.

The famous McGuffey Readers were before my time but Harper's and Appleton's were my meat, and I say meat advisedly, for it is the word that is the whole text of my sermon here. The spirit of the age seems to favor the adapting of books to the child instead of the child to books, and it was not so in the days of these older readers.

There is of course a Mother Goose level and a Golden Book level, and that is fine for the five- and seven-year-olds, but by the time a child is ten he can and should, if in our odd system of education he has learned to read by that time, be able to take many writings of great or at least well-known authors in his stride. I may be wrong but I think it better to give him something to bite on rather than predigest everything for him. I think it is better to expect always a little more from him than he can give rather than a little less.

Why Underestimate Children?

Some of today's school readers make one want to ask why we continually underestimate our children, why we do not appeal to their intelligence rather than to an arbitrary idea of what is suited to their years. It was not so when Appleton's and Harper's had their day.

Dorothy Thompson, in speaking of the McGuffey reader period, says that a child was expected at the end of the second grade to have a spelling vocabulary of 2000 words, whereas the modern child taught by modern methods has about 875. And I might add that the really interesting words are the ones he doesn't learn—the fine words that make literature.

I still have some of my old readers and I note, for instance, in Appleton's reader for the third grade, two lessons—one, that of the Little Foxes which Spoil the Grapes, which is

to be Learned by Heart, and which, in a pleasant way, pokes fun at small and mean vices, and second, Whittier's Jack in the Pulpit, at the top of which lesson, as in all of them, are words from the poem to be used as a spelling lesson. Here are a few: *assembled, anemones, penciled, languidly, sentinel*. We spelled them all too as I remember and I'm sure not a psyche was injured because they were hard words. When you realize that there are today high school students entering business offices unable to use a dictionary because they don't know the alphabet in proper order, you can see what a long way we have come in education—and mostly backward.

Appleton's fifth reader—edited by two school superintendents of the day and a Yale professor—was copyrighted for the first time in 1878 but in 1906 was still going strong. It would give anyone pause who compares it with present-day readers. Every selection is a well-known name, and I cull only a few—Benjamin Franklin on "How I Learned to Write Prose," "God's Dominion and Man's Dependence"—two Psalms which perhaps should not be in a school book because of separation between church and state, Thoreau's "Battle of the Ants," Brownson, Hazlitt, Audubon, Poe, Shakespeare, Carlyle, and Milton's *Il Penseroso*—this last in its entirety! There is also Washington's *Rules of Behavior* which include such fine admonitions as "Undertake not what you cannot perform but be careful always to keep your promise." And there is *The Effect of Paul's Teaching at Ephesus*, and in Paul's own words.

Prattle or Roar?

The value of these readers is that they used the prose and verse of the great minds of all ages. It still seems to me better by far to let the ten- or eleven-year-old read something a bit beyond him so that he must work to understand it rather than predigest the great so that the beauty and value are gone because the style has been made pedestrian. The facts are there; the presentation is lost. The child who, years ago, had to learn a verse from the Bible every day did not always understand every word, but surely the golden phrases, the basic value, did reach him. Today we have all manner of books retelling the Bible for the young, but the great writing is no longer in them. They prattle where they should roar.

The schools have erred most, for readers matter most of all. At home a child may read for fun; at school he should be reading for his education. And what I am trying to say briefly here is that though we have a wealth of books for young people, some good, some poor, the masterpieces are neglected. One of my recurrent dreams is to see Appleton's Readers given paper backs and put in the schools again. In the fifth grade book there is enough interesting information on history, geography, and letters to make a boy or girl want to know more, and couched in fine language besides. It seems more truly to fulfill the definition of "social science" than do some of those "projects" so dear to the modern educator where basic subjects are mixed together in a hash, everything simplified for the young mind. Maybe children don't learn to read because what they are given in school bores them.



Black Star

Strauss is regarded as a possible successor of Adenauer and as the one who could unite Europe

The Statesman called Strauss

Germany is important to the West. And West Germany's Franz-Josef Strauss will have much to say about the future of Germany and the strength of the West

by Andrew Boyle

HIS ENEMIES on the Left call him a dangerous bull in a china shop. His Christian Democrat friends throughout the Federal German Republic hail him as the youngest and most dynamic statesman anywhere in Western Europe. The truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes. Franz-Josef Strauss, the newly appointed West German Defense Minister, is at forty-one an extraordinary combination of hard realist and Christian idealist who has brought to his work the experienced touch of someone twice as old. Indeed, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the venerable evergreen who still presides over the restored fortunes of Western Germany in his eighty-second year, is known to regard Strauss as an eventual successor whose strong, sure touch may yet make the United Europe of his dreams.

There is little of the dreamer about Strauss. The sharp, twinkling, blue-gray

eyes above the straight nose, the firm line of lips, and the craggy, jutting chin proclaim a character with a pronounced sense of humor to balance any rigid views he may have. He looks every inch the big, robust athlete he is whenever he can take time off from his busy office in Bonn for a swim or a long cross-country trek. The broad shoulders supporting the square-like, rather typical German head, with neatly parted, light brown hair, bring back to mind the Communist-Socialist sneer that Strauss is nothing more than a wild bull on the rampage. But just look beyond the man's appearance to the record and the performance and you learn that he must be that rare breed of bull which can wander purposefully through any china shop, armory, or modern atomic pile without breaking a thing and without turning a hair.

Born and bred a Catholic of the hardy,

usually loyal, Bavarian kind, Franz-Josef Strauss knew the sour taste of want and hunger as a small boy. He came into the world on September 6th, 1915, when the Kaiser's War was beginning to warm up. His father was a Munich butcher, but there was little in the shop—even for the family—when Allied forces occupied the Rhineland in 1919. In the restless, famishing twenties, when Germany was trying to build democracy out of half-anarchy, Strauss was at school. "He will go far," his parents, teachers, and neighbors said. Exceptionally quick, with a memory as retentive as adhesive tape, he topped his classes all the way through and qualified for advanced studies at Munich University. The baby of the class, his certificate shows that he passed with distinction in every subject at high school except one—Strauss' marks for deportment and good conduct were the lowest ever registered in the place.

Nobody was surprised, nobody less worried about his behavior than the lively, solidly built juvenile who enjoyed open-air sports as much as books.

Franz-Josef Strauss was only eighteen when Hitler came to power. A year later, in 1934, he had a minor triumph which he still looks back to with pride. Training hard for weeks as though his life depended on it, he competed for the German equivalent of the world-famed cycling race, the "*Tour de France*" (junior edition). He won it easily and held the championship trophy for twelve jubilant months. By now he was studying classics, modern languages, law, history, and economics as a University undergraduate; so Strauss had a good excuse for avoiding close contact with the strutting, cocksure, Nazi youth leaders. It was probably just as well—for his own safety. For Strauss had a fiery temper and a vitriolic tongue. He has since learned to curb the one and dilute the other with his own pungent witticisms; but in the heyday of Nazidom the arrogant, young brats who believed that the sun rose and set at the command of their infallible Fuehrer would have given short shrift to a precocious outsider who already felt in his bones that the same Fuehrer had become a menace to his own people.

There was little outlet for Strauss' absorbing interest in the practical difficulties besetting young men of his own age whom he rubbed shoulders with at lectures or cycled past in the broad streets of his home city. Yet, privately, youth affairs and the general problem of re-education remained his pet, twin subjects while he was doing his military service and through the grim war years that followed. Wisely, he did not air his opinions. Such influence as he managed to exert was purely personal and confined to comrades in his barrack room or platoon. As a mathematician who could apply theory to facts, he was selected for training in the artillery; and when the panzer armies struck in the East and then got bogged down after thrusting to the outskirts of Moscow, Strauss moved up into the line.

The next Russian winter very nearly cut short his career. The guns of Lieutenant Strauss' battery section were in action at Stalingrad. Just before the encircling Soviet forces clamped down on the defenders, who were running desperately short of ammunition and food, he was providentially struck down by severe frostbite in both feet. He rolled back toward Germany on one of the last hospital trains to leave the burning, shattered ruins of the beleaguered city. Recovery was slow and painful. He had ample time in bed to ponder the full implications of twentieth-century war-

fare, its horrors, its wastefulness, its suffering. Still the nonconforming type, Strauss did not think much of Hitler now either as a military genius or as a man predestined to conquer and save the world. The Russian adventure would be remembered by posterity for its catastrophic cost in blood, its occasional heroism, and unnecessary savagery. Without in any way altering his basic view that every man had the patriotic duty to fight for his homeland, he came to the firm conclusion that Hitler must be mad. The Fuehrer's war aims were clearly as idiotic as his intuitive methods of waging it.

"The nations of the world would be far happier if there were no soldiers," Strauss was quoted as saying not long ago. The thought may not be highly original, but on his lips it certainly sounded highly provocative. The words have been misinterpreted as a veiled

• **The hard part about learning
Russian is trying to talk with the
tongue in the cheek.—*Pathfinder***

expression of pacifism by people who don't know their Strauss. They are nothing of the sort. As a soldier, a politician, and a philosopher with a flair for what is possible, he has seen, experienced, and pondered too much to be a pacifist. Like President Eisenhower, and for the same broad reasons, he is a man who yearns for peace in our time. All his energies are bent to achieving that elusive goal; and since he shares the Catholic outlook of his leader and mentor Dr. Konrad Adenauer, his fellow Catholics in other lands will perhaps find it less hard than others to understand why Strauss is working for lasting peace as his country's Defense Minister. There is no contradiction here, only another paradox.

Franz-Josef Strauss would readily admit if you asked him that he partly owes his rapid rise in politics to the Americans who took him prisoner in 1945. After his discharge from hospital about eighteen months earlier, he was appointed battery commander and instructor at the artillery school in Schongau, near Munich. Air attacks by Allied bombers were increasing in intensity, and seasoned veterans like himself were being kept at home for defending the cities. By the time he was captured, Munich had been pounded into a half-gutted slum. So had three quarters of the other main centers of

the entire country. Germans with clean records were urgently needed to help in the gigantic task of spring cleaning which confronted the Allies. Strauss spent only a few weeks behind barbed wire. Then he was given a minor administrative post, organizing food distribution and bomb damage clearance under U.S. supervision. Soon he was granted a free hand, appointed deputy director of the whole Munich district, then promoted director. The plight of his own Bavarian people stimulated him to put in long hours of touring and desk work that would have broken the health of a less robust and determined man. The Americans liked him for his blunt honesty and fantastic drive.

His political enemies were less impressed in the early 1950's when the great debate on common defense began in the assemblies of Western Europe. Partly inspired by the success of the Schuman Plan, France had proposed the revolutionary scheme for linking national forces together in a European army. The French feared that if German soldiers were allowed to join a revitalized German army, the peace of the world would almost certainly be broken again. If there was an element of pathological suspicion in the average French outlook, Christian statesmen like Robert Schuman nonetheless saw in the projected European Defense Community something far more idealistic and positive. So did Konrad Adenauer. So also, for the record, did his rising young Lieutenant Franz-Josef Strauss, whose brilliant championship of EDC in the Bundestag was largely responsible for the Bill approving West German membership of the ill-starred defense organization. British indifference to the plan's political implications was the rock on which it eventually foundered.

Strauss's abiding concern is for peace. That is why his interests have widened and moved on from domestic affairs to the intricate and dangerous issues of rearmament. He distrusts the opposition to conscription among German Communists and extreme Socialists as deeply as he rebuts the idle dreamings of neutralism or pacifism. Nor is he in the least blind to the paper possibility of a military clique once again gaining the upper hand: his function is to keep all his wits about him as a Cabinet Minister and rule out that disturbing possibility. With his mastery of the democratic machinery, he is unlikely to fail. It was, for example, on his initiative that a Federal Defense Council was set up to co-ordinate the various ideas and blue prints (as well as to keep an ear to the ground for opposition) in Western Germany as a whole. It must not be forgotten that the German Republic is a

ANDREW BOYLE is a well-known feature writer for the *Catholic Herald* of London. As a script writer for the B.B.C. his name is also familiar to English radio listeners.

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reasonably loose federation; and Strauss, with his independent Bavarian background, would not have it otherwise. But big men of vision and energy are needed to carry through controversial national measures without splitting the nation in the process.

The current conscription controversy is probably Strauss's hardest test to date. His belief has always been that eventually Germany would have to make a substantial contribution to NATO. Now that he has been appointed to work out exactly what form that contribution should take, he is proving that his mind still runs on free wheels of its own:

"I prefer a small army of a quarter of a million men well trained and equipped with the latest weapons to an army twice as big," he said not long ago. Again it sounds like common sense; but it entailed tearing up the plans of his predecessor and running up against some preconceptions which have long existed in London, Washington, and Paris. The field gray uniforms of the revived German Army are visible today in the streets of Bonn; but Strauss the realist knows that it would be shortsighted policy to court a little popularity with NATO planners now by mass-producing a large force to fill the immediate gaps in Europe's joining defense formations. He prefers quality to quantity and isn't afraid to say so.

Strauss visited London recently on a twofold mission. The first part was to consult the British Government on his serious billeting problems. Western air

and ground units on German soil are stationed in the best accommodation available. Until new barracks are built, there will be a serious shortage of housing for the 75,000 German volunteers expected to be enrolled before the close of 1956. Whitehall took to the plain-speaking, stocky Strauss for putting all his cards face-up on the table:

"You help me," he said in effect, "and I'll look after my side of the bargain. What about sharing some of the billets in the meantime?"

The second part of his British trip was in the nature of a glimpse into the future. Strauss went to Calder Hall on the English northwest coast of Cumberland to see the world's first atomic power-station inaugurated for commercial use. As he stood watching Queen Elizabeth pull the switch which released atom-produced electricity into the overhead pylons, his eyes seemed to light up. For Franz-Josef Strauss combines Defense Minister duties with Germany's embryonic atomic energy program; and his familiarity with the complex techniques involved in planning from scratch a highly specialized industry is now a byword among his country's scientific experts. Already by skillful negotiation abroad he has insured that Federal Germany won't lag behind in experience, equipment, and nuclear know-how. His incisive mind is also busy applying to defense needs the knowledge he has almost casually picked up in the atomic field. Tactical nuclear weapons, as he sees it, may mean a drastic revision of existing

blueprints for the German forces. Yet this does not mean going back on the decision banning production of such weapons in Germany.

"We have solemnly renounced that right," he says. "That doesn't imply that we ought not to get nuclear weapons from our allies to help protect the West."

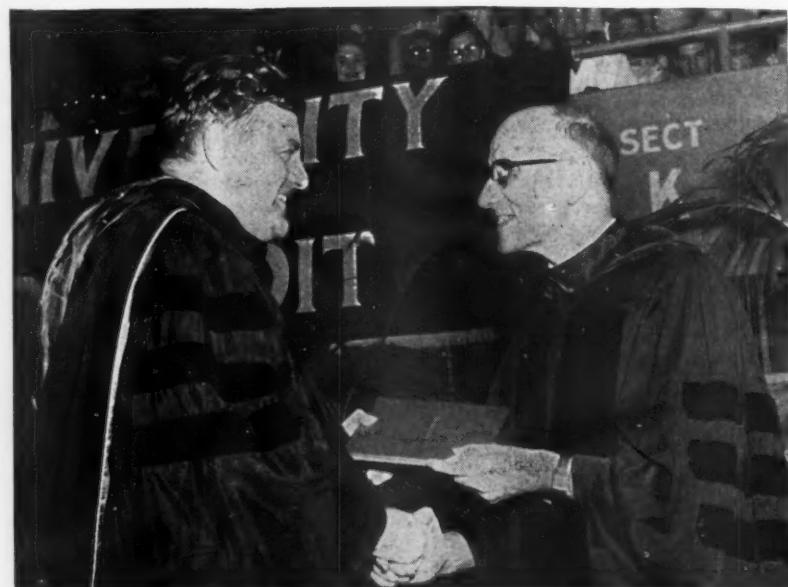
Strauss has fought in the field against the Russians whose tough military prowess he recognizes and respects. Strauss the Catholic statesman is not unfamiliar in theory and practice with the deadly, aggressive designs of Soviet Communism. That is why he is ever ready to denounce woolly-brained politicians who advocate an outright embargo on atomic stockpiles and output. He has put his strong feelings into words on that subject, too:

"It would be the height of irresponsibility for the West to surrender its right to these weapons while the Soviet Union retains its overwhelming supremacy over NATO in conventional forces."

While advocating nuclear weapons as a negative deterrent for keeping the peace, he flouts all suggestions that "a peace policy must inevitably be a policy of disarmament." Though he was only a young man in his twenties at the time, he has not forgotten how the rest of Europe slid down the easy slope to world war by following that foolish recipe. On the other hand, to use superior force as a means to immediate political ends is just as bad. Hence his genuine condemnation of Franco-British intervention in the Middle East crisis last October. Belief in the close alliance of the West, in European unification, and in the ultimate liberation of his fellow countrymen who live under East German Red rule are the three cardinal pillars of his political thought. He nurses the hope that in the foreseeable future the nations of Western Europe may pool their atomic resources for peace as they have already pooled their coal and steel; but because he has been brought up in a hard school it won't surprise him if there are setbacks on the way.

Youth is on his side, apart from courage and skill. So it is not at all improbable that Franz-Josef Strauss may live to see the accomplishment of these political beliefs and hopes. Once when a slick reporter asked him if he entirely excluded the notion of negotiating with the Russians for reunifying the two halves of Germany, he replied: "I would talk to the devil himself if that could bring freedom to eighteen million Germans."

Whether the devil or Khrushchev would get much out of Strauss is doubtful. We may be sure that any bargain he made with either would not be one-sided. He is too astute a bargainer for that.



Wide World

Fr. Celestine J. Steiner, S.J., president of the University of Detroit, presented an honorary degree to Franz-Josef Strauss when he visited here last year

BY 2000—5 Billion

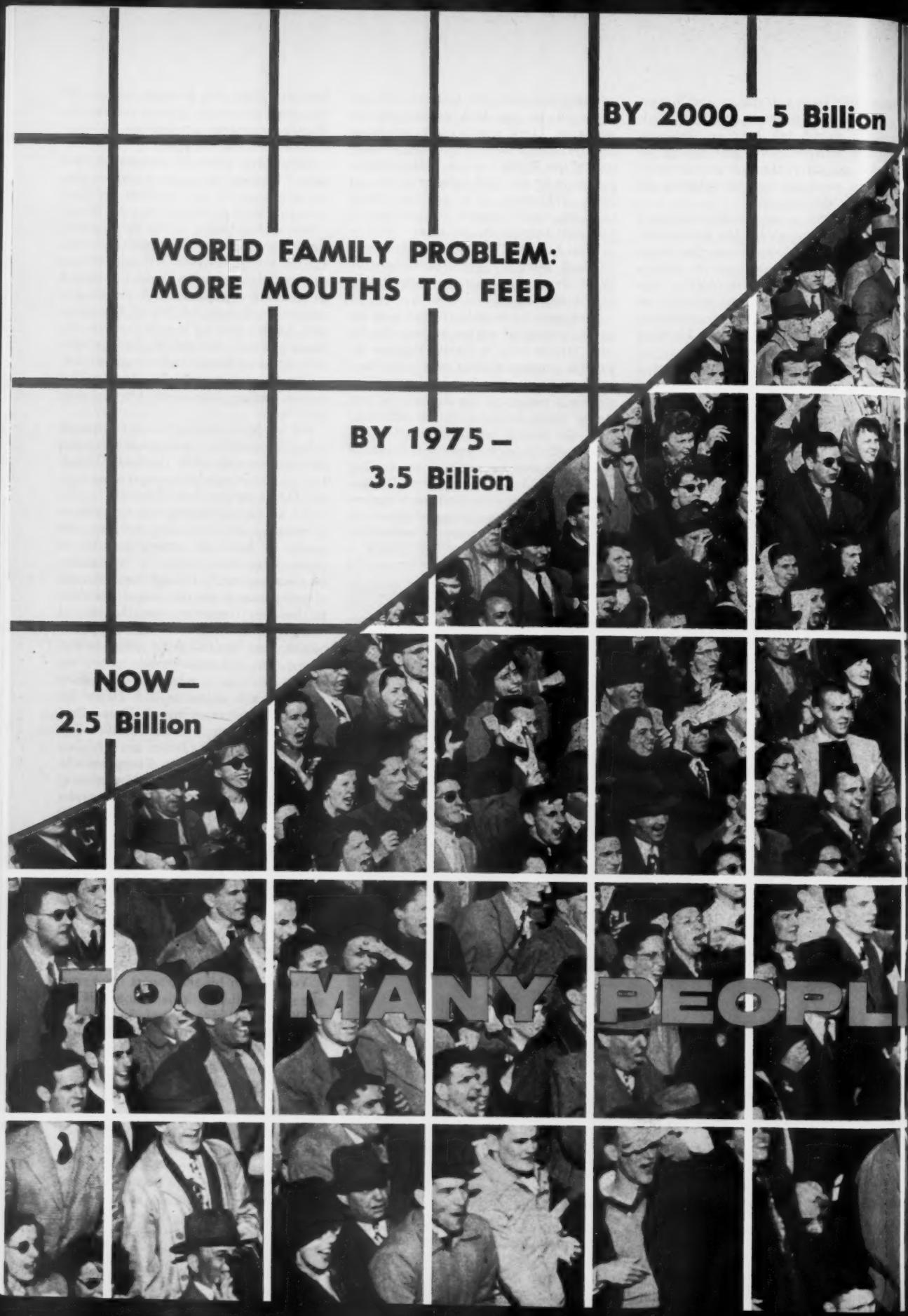
**WORLD FAMILY PROBLEM:
MORE MOUTHS TO FEED**

BY 1975—

3.5 Billion

**NOW—
2.5 Billion**

TOO MANY PEOPLE



AT PRESENT, ACCORDING to United Nations estimates, the population of the world is growing at the rate of 70,000 persons a day.

The rate of growth, over one per cent a year, is the highest in history. If it continues, the population of the United States, now 165 million, may reach 200 million by 1975; that of the world, now about two and a half billions, may double in the next fifty years.

These simple figures raise complex questions.

Some are economic: For how many people can the world provide three square meals a day?

Some are moral: What is the Christian answer to the arguments of those who would meet the population upsurge by promoting or legalizing such methods of family limitation as birth control-by-contraception, abortion, and sterilization?

In an effort to get a clearer picture of the situation and some notion of a sound approach to it, *THE SIGN* sent the writer to interview Father William J. Gibbons, S.J., assistant professor of economics and library director at Loyola College in Baltimore, Maryland.

Father Gibbons is well known in the field of demography, the science which studies population trends and problems. He holds degrees from several universities. From 1945 to 1948, he was an associate editor for the Jesuit weekly *America*. From 1946 to 1953, he was a member of the executive committee of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. During most of this period, 1948 to 1953, he was also a consultant on the resettlement of displaced persons to Catholic Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He

has participated in eight international meetings dealing with the population-resource problem, has lectured and written on the subject, and has contributed articles on it to professional journals.

Since early 1954, Father Gibbons and a group of researchers at Loyola have been conducting a series of fact-finding forays aimed at collecting "the kind of information needed to analyze the population problem of today," at fostering more interest in the difficulties of the underdeveloped areas of the world, and at focusing attention on right attitudes toward marriage, family life, and sex.

At forty-four, Father Gibbons is tall and well-built, with dark eyes and fair hair. Discussing his many-faceted specialty with the deliberate speech of a man who thinks first and talks second, he lets the chips fall where they may. Some of the heaviest chips, as will be brought out below, fall on those Catholic apologists who, as Father Gibbons puts it, are meeting the crisis with "an ineffectual and shortsighted approach."

The questions put to Father Gibbons and his answers follow:

Q. Just how much faster is the world population growing today than used to be the case?

Conservatively speaking, at least twice as fast as it did before the Industrial Revolution.

Q. What accounts for the increase?

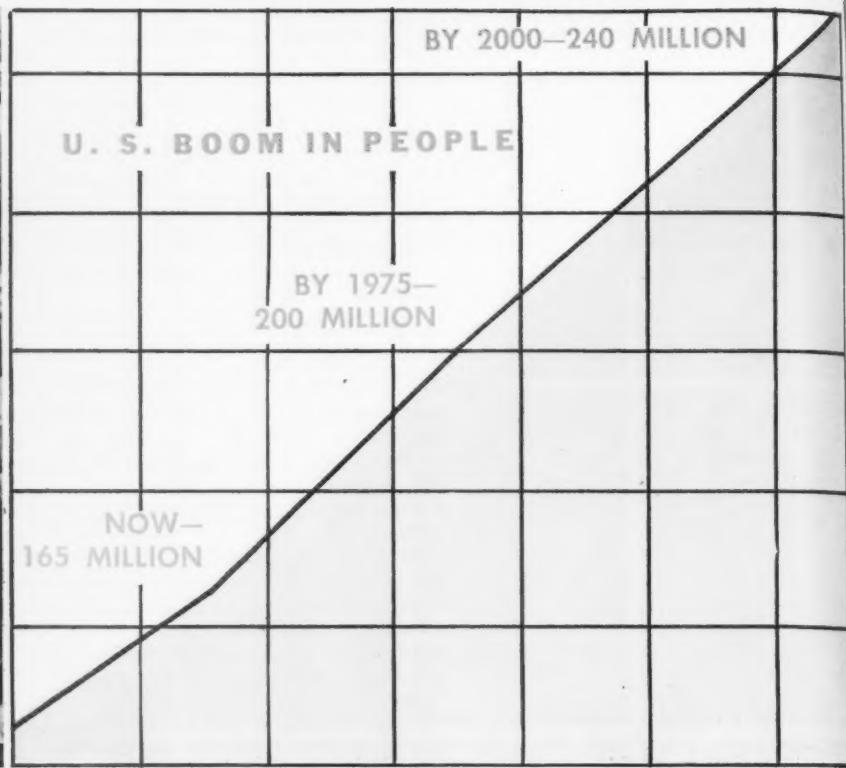
A century or more of rapid technological advance, especially in medicine. Improved public health measures have found their way to almost all corners of the world. Nearly everywhere today, people are living longer, infant mortality is on the wane. Even where birth rates are falling or have remained stationary, there is a tendency toward a

IN THE WORLD?

The population of the world is growing at a pretty good clip. What to do about it? Keep our morals and our heads, says this expert, and work to meet the challenge

An Interview with REV. WILLIAM J. GIBBONS, S.J.

As told to Milton Lomask



U. S. can expect a 50 per cent increase in population in next 50 years. Some other countries will grow faster

continuing net increase in population. One notable exception is Ireland. There the population trend is different from that in most of the world. In Ireland the population has declined substantially over the past century, partly because of emigration, but largely because the Irish now postpone marriage to a relatively late age.

Q. Is the present fast rate of world growth likely to continue?

One objective of demographic study is to find data which will permit the sort of prediction you are asking for. It is important to do so. One reason for the current shortage of school buildings in the U. S. is that predictions concerning our population growth, made in the depression years, were based on inadequate data and fell short of later actuality. Finding enough data to make accurate projections, of course, is difficult. In some countries census figures are unreliable or nonexistent. To take care of your question then: On the basis of our slowly growing knowledge, it can be said that, barring some major catastrophe, the population of the world will continue to grow at a pretty good clip.

Q. There is disagreement as to the seriousness of the situation. Some scientists say that the rate of growth will level off, or if it doesn't, technological

advances will speed up to the point where it won't matter. At the other end of the gamut are experts who not only see the present trend continuing but who fear that the day is near when people everywhere, including the citizens of our well-heeled U. S., will be living in a world slum. What is your view?

Whether we all end up in a world slum or not is going to depend on how sensibly and energetically we tackle the problem. Meanwhile it should be regarded as a serious one.

Q. When you say it is a serious problem, do you mean that you agree with the Malthusian doctrine?

I'm glad you brought up the theory of Parson Malthus, as he has been called. There is a regrettable tendency in some Catholic circles to confuse Malthus with the devil and dismiss his theory as the work of an extremist. As a matter of fact, Parson Malthus merely set forth some facts and ventured some conclusions, which merit respectful, even if critical, consideration.

Q. Would you mind saying a little more about Parson Malthus and his theory?

Glad to. Parson Malthus, as Karl Marx liked to designate him, was the Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, a gentle and thoughtful Anglican minister who

lived in England in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Because of his reliance on factual data and on methodical analysis, he gave a tremendous push to the youthful science of demography. In 1798, he rebuked the utopian theorists of his time by publishing a treatise in which he made some unpleasant remarks about the future of mankind. In 1803 and after, he expanded and modified his thought in revised editions of the work.

In a nutshell, Malthus' doctrine is that people breed but land doesn't. In view of this demonstrable fact, Malthus inferred that the number of people in the world would tend to increase beyond the ability of the land to feed them. He saw this tendency countered only by misery and vice, to which he later added "moral restraint." In the light of subsequent developments, the only legitimate criticism to be made of the Malthusian doctrine is that it narrows the problem too much. Today's population problem is not merely a matter of the fertility of mankind versus the fertility of land. Other important factors enter into the picture.

Q. Would you describe those factors?

The quickest way to do so, I believe, is to glance briefly at Japan. It is an area on which world attention has been fo-

cused in the postwar period, especially in view of the widespread recourse to abortion for social and economic reasons.

Japan now has 90 million people, living on four islands with a land area equivalent to Montana. These figures, incidentally, constitute a fact in the picture, but not necessarily a factor. When we speak of a country being "over-crowded," we are using a loose and on the whole meaningless term. A country can be so crowded that people are practically running into each other and still be economically healthy. On the other hand, a country can be as sparsely settled as the Sahara and still experience a population crisis. Japan's problem is the upshot of a rash of difficulties stemming largely from World War II.

During the war, Japan lost 44 per cent of its empire, including industrial Manchuria. Postwar agreements have resulted in restriction of its fishing area, causing a decline in the output of a staple in the national diet. During the war, resentments against Japan were built up in various parts of the world. To this day these resentments make it difficult for Japan to promote trade with some countries. On top of this, the population of the home islands has grown by approximately 18 million since 1945, one-third of the increase being due to repatriation of overseas Japanese. The other twelve-million growth was consequent to greatly reduced death rates and the postwar "baby boom" experienced there as elsewhere.

This bird's-eye view of the Japanese problem makes clear that it is the result of many factors, economic, social, and political. What is true of Japan is true of every part of the world. Wherever you find a population problem, you find a complex of causes. Naturally the causes line up in a different way from place to place.

A big item in Egypt's population problem is that over nine-tenths of Egypt is desert. As a result, every square mile of crop-bearing land must support about 1,670 persons. Moreover, with the introduction of modern hygienic measures, Egypt's present population of 23 million represents a threefold increase over 70 years ago.

Lack of industrialization seems to be a prime factor in India. The same can be said of Latin America, scene of perhaps the most rapid population growth in the world at the moment. It has been estimated that should the population of South America, the Caribbean countries including Mexico, and the West Indies continue to increase at the present rate, it will double in the next 30 or 40 years. This would mean 350 million people, as contrasted with the 175 million presently

in the Latin American region. Today there is one person south of the Rio Grande for every one in the U.S. and Canada; then the ratio would be three to two.

This touring around the world in 80 seconds is a skimpy way of describing the situation and problems, but perhaps it sheds some light.

Q. It certainly raises questions concerning probable solutions. One solution frequently advanced is migration. Would you discuss that?

There is a school of thought which feels that population pressures can be materially lessened by moving people out of problem areas. Unfortunately, the matter is not that simple.

Every migration, to be sure, involves a sending and receiving country. If the people who leave are young, the sending country may experience a decline in marriage and birth rates and consequently some relief of population pressure. On the other hand, this may mean a loss of skills and manpower needed for maintaining productive capacity in the country of emigration. In the long run, moreover, if emigration is the only step taken, the pressures may build right up again. Then, too, migration is a problem of quantity. To relieve the current population pressures of India by migration, for example, would require the removal annually of three or four million people!

When you turn to the receiving country, you encounter other problems.

There's the economic factor. Some years ago a Catholic industrialist engendered interest in moving large numbers of people from distressed areas to the great spaces of equatorial South America. While it gave impetus to rural development, the scheme didn't work as planned. It was soon apparent that the people would be migrating from the frying pan into the fire—from underdeveloped areas to an area which, because of its difficult climate and tropical rainfall, could be developed only with a vast outlay of capital.

There are political considerations. You will recall that in 1948, our country set up a Displaced Persons Commission. During the next four years, the Commission brought in 400,000 refugees, mostly from central Europe, and settled them in all forty-eight states. It was a glorious program. It cost 19 million dollars to bring the refugees in, but in 1952 alone these refugees paid some 57 million dollars in income taxes.

MILTON LOMASK, former reporter for the New York *Journal-American* and other papers, is now a full-time free lance writer. He has published articles in many leading magazines.

Even so, when the Displaced Persons Act ran out in 1952, it was not renewed. The Commission closed shop and our immigration is now regulated by two subsequent laws. One is the so-called Walter-McCarran Act of 1952, which is not so much a new law as a codification and amendment of forty-eight previously existing ones. The other is the Refugee Relief Act of 1953.

Both laws have been the subject of criticism because they place severe restrictions on immigration in terms of where the people are coming from. This, of course, is not the place to add fuel to the controversy. The point to be made is that our current laws reflect the fact that immigration is not an exclusively economic problem.

Economically, as the success of the Displaced Persons Act showed, the U.S. can utilize the ideas and abilities of many immigrants. Politically, we are up against a stern reality—the subversive ambitions of the Soviet Union. Our present laws may or may not need substantial altering; the fact remains that for the time being any American immigration law must take these ambitions into account. It must contain, among other things, machinery for screening out Communists.

Finally, there are social considerations. Some years ago there was a strong movement of Moors from North Africa into France. Economically this looked like a good thing. The North African countries have population problems. France needs workers for a labor force depleted by World War II. The movement hasn't worked out, however, because many Frenchmen don't like Moors and discriminate against them when it comes to jobs and housing.

This isn't nice of French townspeople. In fact it isn't sensible. Unfortunately, when it comes to migration, you are not dealing with people as they ought to be but as they are.

To sum up an intricate matter, migration is not the final solution of population problems. It can, and does, have limited value, however. Sometimes it gives a country the very relief needed for furthering industrial development and realigning resources. Thus it proves a sort of economic breather.

Q. The most noisily advocated solution is family limitation by birth control, abortion, or sterilization. How widespread are these practices?

Available statistics indicate that throughout the world they are fast becoming quite common. In this country, apparently, some form of birth regulation is practiced by about 80 per cent of all married couples.

Outside the continental U.S., various governments have legalized birth con-

trol and engaged in measures to encourage its use. Puerto Rico, for example. There, seventy-six public health units and an equal number of sub-units disseminate information on birth control and distribute contraceptives. Reliable medical information shows that Puerto Rico's largely Catholic population is generally aware of the program, that some form of birth control is practiced by perhaps 50 per cent of the married couples, and that 3000 Puerto Rican women are sterilized annually.

Japan, in 1948, inaugurated its Eugenic Protection Law, legalizing abortions. In 1953, the number of induced abortions reported was 1,068,000. There were, in addition, many unreported or in the illegal category.

Not long ago, millions of Americans were shocked at the spectacle of Hitler using sterilization to wipe out entire races. The depressing fact is that Hitler was taking a leaf from the American book. In the first four decades of this century, thirty-two American states and one territory passed laws calling for compulsory or voluntary sterilization under some circumstances. Five of the state laws have been set aside, but the remainder are still on the books and are still being utilized to a limited, though decreasing, extent.

In emphasizing what is going on in Catholic countries and in our own, it is not my intent to overlook that the same things and worse are going on elsewhere. My thought is merely to highlight the acute moral crisis of our times and the degree to which God's laws are being defied in the name of population policy.

Q. Do you feel that American Catholics are adequately acquainted with the Church's teachings on these matters?

Presumably the average American understands the natural law, the fundamentals, that is. I am convinced, however, that many are negligent about acquainting themselves with pronouncements dealing with specific applications. One aim of our research at Loyola is to make this information more readily available to Catholic social scientists. To this end we are preparing a collection of over seventy-five pronouncements made by the Holy See in the last 300 years dealing with the moral aspects of family regulation and the ends of marriage.

Q. On the basis of the documents just mentioned, would you outline the principal teachings of the Church?

In an over-all sense, the Church distinguishes carefully between two forms of birth regulation. One is artificial, the deliberate interference with conception or its consequences by mechanical or medical means. This kind

of birth regulation is an absolute violation of the law of God.

It is important, I think, that Catholics understand why. Some time ago, in connection with an international meeting, I had occasion to observe the activities of a certain Catholic women's organization. The women seemed to feel that they could confound the advocates of artificial birth control by confronting them with a slogan. The slogan was, "We are for life. Birth control is murder!" By arguing thus, Catholics merely provide ammunition for the "enemy." To refute us, opponents need only point out that conception control, the prevention of life, is one thing; whereas murder, the taking of life, is something else. The opponents are right. Artificial birth control, as commonly understood, is not murder. It is a sin because it is a willful interference with a natural process ordained by God.

Married couples may engage in actions which of their nature can lead to conception. Or again, they may decide to abstain. But they may not, either before or after conception, interfere with nature's part, in an effort to avoid the possible consequences of their action. That is the constant Catholic teaching on the matter. It is not an enactment subject to modification, like the laws of fast and abstinence, but a clear statement of the law of nature and of God.

The other form of birth regulation is abstinence, either permanent or temporary. The latter, by far the more common, is what is called the "rhythm method"—periodic continence. While the Church does not promote any kind of birth regulation, it affirms the lawfulness of the rhythm method under some circumstances. A Catholic couple, contemplating use of this method, should remember that the basic reason for sex and marriage is the continuation of the race. Children are the normal outcome of the marriage relationship. The rhythm method, however, is permissible when there is significant reason. As a rule, the reason has to do with the health of the mother, or with the fact that an increase in family size will spell serious economic deprivation. If a man and wife utilize the rhythm method simply because they don't want to be bothered with children, they are in violation of conscience.

Sterilization, when effected for contraceptive purposes, comes under absolute ban. So does induced abortion—that is abortion deliberately undertaken to empty the womb of a fetus not yet viable, or capable of living in the outside world. Induced abortion at any stage, or the killing of the fetus in the womb, is presumably murder.

Q. Do you feel that current Catholic arguments against family limitation by immoral means are effective?

No. Example: Here on my desk is a news story that was widely published some time ago in the Catholic press. The headline reads:

Scientists Reject Artificial Birth Control as Solution to World's Population Problems

The article quotes two eminent British scientists. One contends that the population increase will taper off in time. The other contends that agricultural skills can be increased to the point where the world, some years hence, can feed six billion people.

Both scientists may be right. Both are men of stature. What worries me is the eagerness with which Catholic apologists seize on arguments of this sort. They are, of course, economic arguments; and what is going on today is this:

Say the advocates of artificial birth control, "Do things our way or living standards will crumble!"

Reply the Catholic apologists, "Oh no; we can keep our living standards up without resorting to your methods."

It is a strictly tit-for-tat business. Every time the artificial birth control advocates toss up some avowedly economic argument, the Catholic apologists come along with another economic argument in rebuttal. In other words, too many of our apologists have fallen into the Marxist trap. They have permitted their opponents to squeeze them into a position where they find themselves agreeing that the main issue is not the salvation of human souls but the continuance of human comfort!

If we continue to fight along these lines, we may defeat our own ends. Who knows but that the economic arguments may not become increasingly persuasive on the other side!

Why waste energy on shaky economic arguments when we have at our disposal the one unanswerable argument—namely that we cannot achieve our ends, however desirable and good in themselves, by immoral means, because God forbids it. The ultimate answer to unchastity is chastity and the grace of God which makes it possible. Artificial contraception is unchastity. Let us face it!

Q. Can you suggest any morally acceptable solutions of the population problem that are also economically sound?

Common sense tells us that there is no cure-all and that the problem will always be with us to some degree. There is no doubt, however, that steps toward its solution can be made by concentrating our energies on five things:

- I. Increased capital formation, esp. (Continued on page 79)

STAGE AND SCREEN

by Jerry Cotter



The New Plays

THE HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE brings back gaiety and humor to a theater sorely in need of a change from clinical studies of tortured minds. Though the millionaire in question may have been a trial to his family, he is a delight to the audience. Anthony Drexel Biddle, particularly as played by Walter Pidgeon, is a gentleman of varied tastes, unbounded energy, and a few palatable eccentricities. He keeps crocodiles in the conservatory, likes to put on the gloves with professional boxers, and generally keeps the family in a state of minor turmoil. Inasmuch as the play is based on the reminiscences of her father by Cordelia Drexel Biddle, we must assume there is more than a semblance of truth to the fun. Pidgeon, returning to the theater after some thirty years in Hollywood, tackles the role with enthusiasm. He balances the comic and the bombast in fine style, abetted considerably by pretty newcomer Diana van der Vlis, Ruth White, George Grizzard, Ruth Matteson, and ex-boxer Lou Nova, who plays a visiting fighter noted for having gone two rounds with John L. Sullivan. Clean, amusing, and just the sort of comedy the entire family can enjoy together.

Walter Pidgeon and Rocco Bufano in "The Happiest Millionaire"

Voltaire's **CANDIDE** soars musically but is earthbound, both by the original and Lillian Hellman's turgid adaptation. Singing the leads with spirit are Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, Irra Petina, and Max Adrian, all favored with a brilliant Leonard Bernstein score. But it requires much more than this to make the Voltaire philosophy acceptable and a basically dull theme entertaining.

On sabbatical from Hollywood, Judy Holliday turns a mediocre musical play into a sparkling box-office hit. **BELLS ARE RINGING** would have gone silent after very few performances were it not for the personal appeal and considerable stage presence of its star. Cast as one of the girls at a telephone answering service, she readily overcomes a succession of trite episodes, even surmounts a lackluster score with a pleasantly amateurish singing voice, and gives the proceedings an all-around lift. Sidney Chaplin is more at home reading dialogue than singing words, but he is a likable leading man. Betty Comden and Adolph Green prepared their libretto from the files and should be very thankful for the Holliday touch.

New York City's Center of Art and Drama, in its semi-annual festival of famous players in famous plays, brought three outstanding modern dramas back to Broadway for short runs. *The Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Mister Roberts*, starring Charlton Heston, were on the list, but the principal attention was devoted to a presentation of *The Glass Menagerie*, an early Tennessee Williams success, with Helen Hayes in the role originated by Laurette Taylor. It was an interesting revival on two points. One, it showed just how far (*Baby Doll* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*), the Williams talent had been downgraded by the man himself, and it brought back memories of a truly poignant, truly wonderful performance by Miss Taylor. The Hayes interpretation, while expert in its own way, did not draw on the reservoir of pathos which the role requires. Miss Helen was brisk, humorous, in full command, but never quite the poignant creature which *Mother* really was.

GIRLS OF SUMMER is another tortured crawl through the psychiatric ward, this time a study of romance in all its aspects, within the confines of a Manhattan brownstone. Shelley Winters, as a mother-sister to an orphaned family, deals with the Freudian details as they arise. It isn't until her young sister brings home a lad who is both outspoken and vigorous in his attitudes that the entire menage goes to pieces. Pat Hingle, as the aggressive visitor, is the outstanding performer. Freudian philosophy wins here, but it is, at best, a minor victory.

Ethel Merman smashes her way back to the footlights in a tepid musical called **HAPPY HUNTING**. She swaggers through her role as a Philadelphia matron out to snare a royal husband for her daughter, with all the familiar Merman mannerisms. Inspired by the recent wedding at Monaco, the play makes satiric use of the publicity and the scamperings of the social climbers. Nowhere, in plot or score, is this strong enough to do justice to the star. The songs are colorless and the humor brings forth mere chuckles. But the show is colorful, the surrounding players—Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, Mary Finney, *et al*—are attractive, and the atmosphere is more wholesome than most. As a *tour de force* for Miss Merman, this is a rollicking event.

The Best of '56

Last month we pointed out the virtues of *Marcelino*, the most affecting and beautiful motion picture to reach the screen in 1956. It had no counterpart among the Hollywood output,

at least for the Catholic moviegoer seeking more than superficial entertainment value or mere technical achievement. Again, may we stress that this Spanish-made vignette, with English subtitles, is a picture every Catholic should see.

Now for Hollywood in 1956. While it is true that the percentage of B, (as rated by the Legion of Decency) product has declined, it is equally evident that the objectionable features are more repellent than ever. Take as two glaring examples the current *Baby Doll*, reviewed in this issue, and such indecencies as *The Rainmaker*, *The Wild Party*, and *Zarak*. Coupled with Hollywood's inclination to advertise its product just this side of pornography, it makes the average observer wonder where Hollywood feels its moral obligations begin or end.

On the brighter side, the 1956 output was, for the most part, excellent. Ranging from the spectacular *Ten Commandments* to the simplicity of *The Brave One*, the list underscores the inescapable fact that no movie need overstep the bounds of good taste or transgress the moral law in order to accomplish its purpose of providing sound entertainment within a framework which is artistically superior.

Alphabetically listed, with Legion of Decency ratings in parenthesis, the following stood out among the year's releases: *Around the World in Eighty Days* (A-1); *Friendly Persuasion* (A-1); *Giant* (A-1); *Moby Dick* (A-1); *The Brave One* (A-1); *The King and I* (A-1); *The Mountain* (A-1); *The Seven Wonders of the World* (A-1); *The Ten Commandments* (A-1); and the previously mentioned *Marcelino* (A-1).

For 1956 at least, every outstanding production was rated as A-1 by the Legion of Decency, a fact which undermines the specious argument of those who claim that its classifications are narrow and restrictive. Any moviegoer who saw the above mentioned movies viewed the best that Hollywood turned out last year.

But Then . . .

. . . there was **BABY DOLL**, written by Tennessee Williams and directed by Elia Kazan. As you know it has been rated C by the Legion, and with every good reason. A sleazy, sordid story, based on the Williams play *27 Wagons Full of Cotton*, it is a study of hatred, revenge, sex, and plain depravity such as has rarely, if ever before, been screened. The characters, their actions, and the Williams plot are ugly and without any semblance of moral understanding. Tennessee has degraded his talents, with a major assist from Kazan this time. (Warner Bros.)

Reviews in Brief

IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD is as absorbing as it is unusual. The dialogue is in English, French, German, and Norwegian, but the story has universal appeal. When a small fishing boat of French origin is in danger of sinking off Norway, the captain is forced to use his "ham" radio set to call for aid. He is heard in French Africa by an amateur operator, but before the courageous story ends, many others are in the act. A fine family picture. (Buena Vista)

THE RAINMAKER is an emotional, overacted version of the old ugly duckling theme with Katharine Hepburn, portraying a very unattractive farm girl, resigned to a spinsterish "fate" but "rescued" through the attentions of a fast-talking swindler. Played by Burt Lancaster, he swaggers into a drought-ridden area of the West, promises to produce a rainstorm within twenty-four hours, and turns an entire ranch family inside-out instead. Despite the shrill perform-



Jennifer Jones
and Bill Travers
as Elizabeth
Barrett and Robert
Browning in "The
Barretts of
Wimpole Street"



Helen Hayes plays the role of the Dowager Empress of Russia in the filmed version of "Anastasia"



Henry Fonda as
Manny Balestrero
in "The Wrong
Man," based on the
facts of a sensational
mistaken-
identity trial

ances of the entire company, there is a static quality to this display of neuroticism run rampant. Normally, it is on indefensible grounds, with the sole right-thinking member of the family portrayed as a sadistic bully and father encouraging daughter in her "compensating" romance. (Paramount)

Jennifer Jones gives one of her finest performances in the British-made version of **THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLINE STREET**. Co-starring with Bill Travers and John Gielgud, as Robert Browning and Barrett pere, Miss Jones captures a lioness' share of the acting honors in a portrayal that is both strong and sensitive. This version of the familiar story of the Rudolf Besier play is colorfully framed in CinemaScope, acted with understanding by a superior cast, and impressive in recapping a familiar adult romance. (M-G-M)

The slaughter of the Russian Royal Family by the Communists flickers steadily in the background of **ANASTASIA**, a highly dramatic story of a woman who claimed to be the sole surviving member of the family. Based on the excellent stage play of a few seasons ago, this version was filmed in Paris and London, with Ingrid Bergman, Helen Hayes, and Yul Brynner giving splendid portrayals. Four White Russians plan to foist an imposter on the world, an "Anastasia" who can claim the ten million pounds left in English banks by the Czar. They find a destitute emigre and school her in the details. Gradually, she emerges as the personality they want and is brought face to face with the doubting and imperious Dowager Empress. Their meeting is the dramatic high mark of a picture which is absorbing, excellently acted and intriguing. (20th Century-Fox)

Insofar as it goes a long way toward debunking the myth that has been created around the figures of some TV stars, **THE GREAT MAN** is an exceptionally good movie. It sets about the task of exposing a fabulous personality whose good-natured style has won millions of unsuspecting air friends, but whose private life is hypocritical and depraved. Jose Ferrer, Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and a strong cast point up the truism that everything which glitters is not gold. Parts of the dialogue, and some scenes, overstress the suggestive aspects of the story, detracting from the basic values of a strong adult drama. (Universal-International)

THE IRON PETTICOAT attempts to spoof the Soviets, but world events have dated the idea and the material. Ben Hecht's script is an uneven, undecided blend of farce and satire, with neither form emerging very effectively. Katharine Hepburn, as a Soviet air hero who defects to the West, and Bob Hope a U.S. airman assigned to win her over to democracy, are convincing when the dialogue permits. An opportunity for a slick political satire is unfortunately sloughed off in this adult film.

Alfred Hitchcock infuses the familiar mistaken identity theme with new spirit in **THE WRONG MAN**, based on the true story of a Stork Club musician who found himself in an impossible situation. Arrested and charged with a series of hold-ups, Manny Balestrero is identified by several victims. While on bail, awaiting trial, Manny and his wife attempt to prove his alibis for the dates in question. It is an impossible task. The strain proves too much for his wife and she is taken to a sanitarium at the point of complete mental collapse. The story, headlined and featured in many national magazines, has been given an intelligent screen treatment by Hitchcock, with Henry Fonda and Vera Miles contributing sympathetic performances. It is a taut, first-class adult drama. (Warner Bros.)

The Newlands of Monson, Massachusetts,
show that Christian Family Living can be fun

WE AND OUR CHILDREN

Bill and Mary Newland of Monson, Massachusetts, are Christian parents who happen to be some other things. Bill works for the state highway department and Mary is a writer, but their big job in life, as they see it, is rearing their seven children to be zealous, spiritual-minded Catholics conscious of their destiny as children of God and heirs of heaven. There is nothing sentimental or pietistic about the Newlands' approach to this important task; for them, Christian parenthood is a simple matter of concrete decisions that flow naturally from the Gospels and the teaching of the Church. For example, when Bill found that the long distance he had to commute to a good-paying job with Pratt and Whitney meant too little time to spend with his children, he quit it for a job nearer home. Fortunately, Mary was able to help make up the cut in Bill's salary by her writing, but that is not the main reason she writes. She writes simply because she would like to share with other parents the solutions to the problem of rearing children as Christians in a materialistic world that she and Bill have found so helpful in their own family. Her two recent books, *We and Our Children* and *The Year and Our Children*, are chock full of helpful hints for parents who want to bring up their children close to their parents, close to the Church, and close to God. On these pages, THE SIGN is happy to present a few of their ideas that other parents may find useful.

CAPTIONS BY MARY REED NEWLAND • PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM FORD



HI, WE'RE THE NEWLANDS

“I’m Mary, the writer in the family, and that’s my husband Bill holding little Christopher. The others starting with the oldest, are Monica, Jamie, John, Peter, Stephen, and Philip. And our two Grandmas, I guess they just ducked out when they saw the camera.”



**WE FIND GOD
IN THE OUTDOORS**

“Nature teaches children profound lessons about God. In nature they discover the signs of His genius and love displayed to serve and delight them. One child said, picking stones from the brook, ‘See the stones God washed for me.’ Country life is rich in such lessons, but they are found in the city, too—at the park, by the river, in the sky, at the beach, on the window ledge”



**BLESSINGS
AND BREAD
GO TOGETHER**

“Blessing the bread before baking completes a work that both feeds and teaches. The children see the analogy between this bread and the Bread we must eat to feed our souls. They also learn what Christ meant when He said, ‘You are the leaven.’ As the yeast lifts and makes the dough alive with its own life, so Christians must lift society with their love and service and make it alive with the Christ-life in them.”

**A BLACKBOARD
HELPS TEACH US
THE LITURGY**



“The children are drawing their idea of the Ascension on the blackboard in preparation for the Feast. The drawings involved reading the Gospel for the day, discussing glorified bodies, labeling the figures, and looking ahead to Pentecost. We made the blackboard ourselves with masonite and blackboard paint and use it constantly for playing games, teaching lessons, or just scribbling.”

“Father Thomas O’Connor talks to the boys after confession. Although he is their close friend, they have a special awe for him because ‘priests are different’—they offer our sacrifice, feed us the Holy Eucharist, see us born into and die in the Church. We cannot do without them. But they begin in families, so we pray that if God gives us priestly vocations, we will not fail to discover and nurture them.”



**OUR CHILDREN
STAY CLOSE
TO THE PRIEST**

“With help, even very little children can learn to include in their prayers all four kinds of prayer: contrition, petition, praise, and thanksgiving. Christopher is three and likes to be helped to be sorry for his naughtiness, to ask favors for those he loves, to express his love for the ‘Holy Trinity living in my soul,’ and his ‘thank yous’ could go on all night. He especially likes to pray for the souls in purgatory, and for the Communists ‘so they’ll love God.’”

**EVEN YOUNG
ONES CAN
LEARN TO PRAY**



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BEDTIME BLESSINGS BRING A CHILD PEACE

“Jamie kneels to be blessed before bed. It is beautiful to see how important such a blessing becomes to a child. Even on evenings when things have not been exactly harmonious, each will come into my study where I write and ask, ‘Will you please give me your blessing?’ There are various ways of blessing. Mainly it is by making the Sign of the Cross on the child’s forehead, saying, ‘God bless you, my child, in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,’ adding perhaps some wish for them like, ‘May you have a sweet sleep,’ or, ‘a happy day tomorrow.’”

THE

Boston Fern

IN the March wind a twig of the young boxelder scratched at Celestine's window. It made a familiar, asking sound. Half awake, Celestine thought of a warm, gray cat. Drowsily she lay waiting for the thud of the cat's heavy body on her bed. In the gray-blue light she could see her brown hands curled like fallen oak leaves on the white eiderdown. They were cold. She drew them under the white drift, shivering. Now she was quite fully awake. The light was changing on the walls from gray-blue

to pale pink, shifting its focus from the forked crack near the moulding to Elizabeth's graduation picture near the mirror. Elizabeth's complete, crooked smile radiated in the rosy patch of sunlight. Beside her, in a twin frame, Tom in Air Cadet uniform looked out at her with steady, searching eyes, just like his father. Celestine lay thinking of her children as the March light spread over the walls and ceiling, changing from pale pink to lemon yellow as she day-shadowed the wall with crosses, making a pattern

by ELLEN MURPHY

*Celestine loved her family
But how much did she
have to sacrifice
to love?*

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARVEY RIDDER

*Celestine saw Martin stare at the
fern and the picture of his patron over the piano*





around the Rucci crucifix on the south wall.

Love made such demands, once you gave in to it, thought Celestine, turning her cheek to the cool, linen pillow slip. Dreamily she slid back to the beginning, remembering herself as a pampered, selfish girl with a depth of desire that she herself could not fathom. She simply wanted everything that pleased her fastidious little soul. And Martin, strong and serious, so very, very intelligent, and yet so taken in by her true hazel eyes and her soft, black hair that floated lightly behind her when she walked to school with him. She married him, knowing that he loved her for what she was not, because she so desperately wanted to become what he thought she already was. And he had gone thin and haggard trying to give her a piano and a library on the slim salary he earned at the College, teaching Shakespeare. Thank God, with all her love of luxury she had the sense to value Martin's knowledge.

So Martin learned that she was selfish. And she learned that he was far too good for her. Celestine's flair for irony made her smile a slight, mocking smile into the pillow. How they had suffered. She had gone on trying to have just what she wanted. Martin had gone on trying to give it to her.

Then Elizabeth came and cured her, almost. You couldn't hold out against anything so sweet as Elizabeth. For Elizabeth she had made the unwilling sacrifice of her music. She let her hands get stiff, gave up her practice time. And then Tom came, giving her the terrible ache in her back and the varicose veins. That was when she took to reading Henry James and letting the housework go. Oh! Henry James! Celestine laughed, remembering the time when she had taken on that cryptic way of talking to Martin. That divining way of answering him. They spent marvelous hours arguing over the *Sacred Fount*.

After she had subordinated her music and her books to the main business of giving her time to Martin and the children, she realized that she was given a richness of life in the washing of Elizabeth's diapers that Debussy could never have communicated to her. She knew that she had been given an insight into the meanings of life and love in the humdrum feeding and clothing of Elizabeth and Tom that even Shakespeare or Henry James had not been able to convey.

Now she was old, with varicose veins and an aching back. Sixty. The plump, gray cat was dead. Elizabeth was appropriately married to a poor college professor, dear George who taught courses in Victorian Poetry and seven-

teenth-century prose. And Tom was in the Air, with a gratifying flair for Bach and Corelli. She was alone with Martin again. She could be as selfish as she chose.

But how tired she felt. And her feet were cold. They felt like claws, all bone and skin and nails. Carefully she moved them about on the crisp, cold sheet, trying to reach Martin's feet. It was her habit in cold weather to warm her feet on the warm soles of her husband's. Now she realized that he wasn't there. Raising herself on her elbow, she saw that his pillow was pummelled into a hard knot as usual. He had to have his head high because of his heart. This morning he had slipped out without waking her. His pipe lay by the clock, brown grains of tobacco spilled out on the maple stand. Celestine rolled herself into the middle of the wide bed, listening for Martin's whereabouts. Then she heard the heavy, iron door of the furnace close, and Martin's whistle sounded through the register in the wall. The same whistle he had when he came home from school, when he mowed the lawn, when he walked about selecting the groceries in the corner store. It was Elizabeth's whistle when she cried at night. It was Tom's whistle when he hurt himself. It was, first of all, her whistle when Martin wanted to make love to her. It was an improvisation on a meadow-lark's nuptial song. Martin had never grown old. At sixty-two he was only twenty-six.

As the bedroom warmed, Celestine suddenly felt rich and golden and ripe. Like a perfect fruit. She thought of a quince on the window sill between the maple window frames that shone like honey-colored moire. Oh, beautiful! She gathered herself to the edge of the bed, slipping Martin's gray, wool robe over her narrow shoulders. Her feet found the yellow corduroy slippers he had given her for Christmas. Oh, love, love, love. Now she could enjoy love in peace without the noise and the mess it made.

Celestine rinsed her face wide awake in the little bathroom off their bedroom. The bassinet was still there. She kept it for when Elizabeth came to visit. There were always the babies. First Jane, then Ellen, then little Marty. Now Elizabeth was expecting her fourth. Poor, tired darling. With all those little blackhaired barbarians.

Elizabeth loved her children to the complete disregard of herself. Like her father. Celestine brushed her gray hair until it shone like the moist bark of ash trees in spring. She pinned it tightly back from her little brown face, rejoicing that her hazel eyes were still so very clear. Oh, Vanity, she thought. Who shall find a valiant woman! She slipped

into her yellow house dress, singing softly.

On her way to the kitchen Celestine stopped at the door of the living room to gaze at her perfectly preserved Boston Fern. On a wrought iron stand in the bay window it shone like a green fountain against the pink and gray of the morning sky. As she gazed, the fern seemed to fling out its crested fronds in wide curves of liquid green, flowing luxuriously down to the dry mauve leaves in the pattern of the carpet. After all these years she had managed to bring the fern to this perfection. Celestine sighed, thinking of the hundreds of times she had told the children, "If you touch the fern, it will die." And they had always brushed against it, the dears! Time and time again in those difficult days she had found brown, brittle stalks and dry, brown fronds on her lovely Boston fern. Always one or other of them couldn't leave the green splash of the fern alone. Finally she had given that up, too. Well, there it was now. Back again. The morning sun began to pick out all the green in the room, the fern, St. Martin's green cloak in El Greco's painting above the piano, the green brocade on the love seat, the green leaf scrolls in the draperies.

Celestine moved on into the kitchen where Martin stood at the sink, measuring coffee into the coffee pot. Going up to him she put her small, brown hand on his thin, hairy wrist.

"Good morning", she said with ceremony. "You are of a thoughtfulness."

Martin kissed her little gray-black head. "Good morning," he said. "You shine."

"I'll warm the rolls." Celestine popped a foil covered casserole of cinnamon rolls into the oven, turning it up to two hundred. She took the buttercup Spode to the table by the window, setting the plates on her apple-green linen mats. Butter, cream, strawberry jam. Beautiful stuff of life. Cinnamon odors spread through the kitchen. The coffee perked into an amber fountain over the blue and yellow flame. Oh, love, thought Celestine. She perched on the edge of a chair, watching Martin read the barometer.

"It will be of a mildness, of a melting mush with a south wind veering from the west," he said gravely. A scholar reciting a poem.

There was a tapping at the door. Celestine opened it to little Jim Leighton. She bent to his eager, courteous, little figure. "Could I swing in your porch swing, please, Mrs. Nolan," he said.

"With a cinnamon roll," nodded Celestine. "Jimmy goes a-swinging with a cinnamining roll." He laughed wonder-

ingly. She handed him a warm, buttered roll in a paper napkin.

As she and Martin sat down they heard the sing-song of the swing, a medley of blackbirds, evenings in the old rocking chair with the babies, Elizabeth's first patent leather shoes going down the aisle ahead of them in church. Celestine took a roll from the wicker basket. She heard the telephone. Coming through the empty entry the sound was hard, metallic, insistent. Martin strode quickly to answer it.

She heard him say, "Oh, George . . . Elizabeth? . . . what did he say? . . . Anything . . . Oh, absolutely . . . Sure, don't worry about that . . . Courage, boy! . . . We'll see you . . . Right away."

Through the doorway Celestine saw Martin stare for a minute at the fern and at the picture of his patron over the piano. The sun was warming the lean beggar, making a golden fire of the white stallion with his forefoot raised. Then Martin turned and she saw his anxious face growing gentler with pity. He came across the room hesitantly, as if he were trying to absorb some kind of a shock for her. He knew so well how to transform it into a softer blow. But she didn't wait. She set her knife across the plate, and came to him, taking his arm which was raised now against a shaft of direct sunlight.

"What is it about Elizabeth, my beloved?" she asked. They both turned from the sun sinking into the shadow of their chairs.

"It will be all right, dear heart. George naturally is more alarmed than he needs to be. It's a miscarriage. She fell over little Marty's fire engine. Three steps down into the sun room. Poor little Lizzie. I said we'd be glad to take the children. His people are way out in Colorado. Lucky that his first class isn't until eleven-ten."

Celestine heard Jimmy Leighton jump from the swing and skip across the porch, calling to Spud Summers. She looked from Martin's face to the window where the cool, clear, March sunlight showed up a fine little veil of dust on the sill. A lady bug made her way up the flower pot. The geranium looked resplendent. Celestine hoped that Martin would not see her pushing back her unwillingness, her old, die-hard selfishness. . . . Her children rose up and called her blessed. . . .

She said, "Of course they must come here! Dear Elizabeth's little barbarians. Poor George! Poor Liz! Oh, Martin, Life is never—We must get ready for them." She poured them each another cup of coffee. They sat brooding over it, sharing their anxiety.

"Janie is eight," Celestine said. "She can do quite a lot for herself. And

"Indian Chief, Grandpa!"
Ellen looked up at
Celestine and Martin



there's school. Ellen is four and Marty, three. Such ages! We'll get out the sandbox and the toy chest."

Martin's face glowed, thinking of little Marty. "I am a very foolish, fond old man," he said. Celestine thought

uneasily of Goneril and Regan. Perhaps she was being saved from herself.

"You stay with them this morning, Martin. I must go with George to see Elizabeth. These things are sometimes really serious. Elizabeth was so run-

down. The children are pets, but Elizabeth never made them pick up their things. I'm afraid of my life when I go there to see them. Oh, the broken darling!" She helped Martin move the dishes to the sink and wash them. Carefully she put her buttercup Spode away.

George's car stopped at the gate. Three black-haired children clamed out. Celestine saw Ellen's little, red shoe cut one of her iris shoots straight off as she raced toward them. A crowd of dogs from across the street bounded into the yard, barking and wagging their tails. Little Marty called shrilly, "Grandpa, my Mommy's sick." George quieted the children. He looked haggard as he brought them into the kitchen.

"Martin will stay with the children just now, George. I'll go with you to Elizabeth. I'm so sorry." She poured George a cup of hot coffee. Martin was buttering cinnamon rolls for the three. She got them some milk, mentally shutting her eyes to the big dribble Marty put on the fresh linen mat. All that again. Ellen's nose was running. Even for wide-eyed, fairy-like Ellen, Celestine couldn't wipe the sweet little nose without disgust. The little thing looked up at her with such discernment. Celestine got her hat and coat from the entry, asking discreet little questions of George. She noticed his thinning hair, his drooping shoulders. These were their hard years, his and Elizabeth's. They had to suffer out their love, too. They had to get used up by one another's daily needs in order finally to be enriched. Well, Elizabeth was a lot smarter about it all than she had been.

George had the door open for her, telling the children to be good so Mommy would be happy about them. Off the two of them went down the walk. She tried hard not to see the damage done to her iris. The broken blade clung moistly to the cement. She remembered uneasily having sent Elizabeth to her room for two, bright, warm hours because she had ridden her tricycle over some pansies, when she was four, like Ellen. And she thought of all the slaps those little hands had got for meddling with the fern. Her Boston fern. She could store it at Ruth's. Ruth lived alone.

As they neared the hospital she noticed some tulips that were already about three inches up. A robin searched the loam near the roots of an oak tree and flew off with a piece of red string. Celestine kept telling George that everything was sure to be all right. She couldn't bear the look of fear in his face. His whole, taut body seemed suffering with Elizabeth. Although George's car was full of cooky crumbs and candy

wrappers and muddy little mittens, she tried to settle herself easily against the seat to put him at his ease. Some strands of the spaniel's fur clung to her white coat, but she left them there.

The nurse on the floor told them not to be very long. Elizabeth's condition was still quite grave, she was so rundown, so nervously exhausted. George pushed the door quietly open and they saw Elizabeth summon her complete, crooked smile for them. Twenty-four red roses were opening in a vase on the dresser.

"You mustn't think of a thing, my little Love," said Celestine. "The children will be good for your father and me. We get a little dull and selfish, you know."

Elizabeth said a quiet little "Thank you, Mother," raising her ring finger from the white spread. George rubbed it gently up and down in his palm.

"It will just be awhile if you're the best girl in the world. And you are." He kissed her crooked smile, with a shy look at Celestine. But she was at the dresser, feeling the water in the vase. She poured more in from Elizabeth's pitcher.

"These nurses" she said. "Dad had the roses sent from the florist downstairs.

• One of the hardest secrets for a man to keep is his opinion of himself.—Quote

"Tell him I love them," Elizabeth's face was turned to Celestine. The look of glossed-over pain and sorrow worried her mother.

"Again, tomorrow, sweetheart," Celestine pressed her daughter's hand. "Rest every minute." She let George perform his parting kiss unseen.

The ride back was better. George had taken courage from Elizabeth. It would be the same with Elizabeth. It reminded her of the old argument of Henry James in the *Sacred Fount*. People who truly loved certainly didn't impoverish one another's spirits.

The air was thin and sweet and the lawns full of rivulets. Golden browns were merging ever so slightly into faint greens. It was an early spring, sure enough. "When weeds in wheels shoot long and lovely and lush . . ." Celestine said aloud. George smiled. (His thesis had been on Hopkins.)

They drew up before the gate. Janie was roller skating. She skated to the car, stepping into the soft earth of the boulevard to open the door for her grandmother. George drove on to the College to teach his class.

"Be good, Janie," he said. "You can

go to school this afternoon. Grandma will write you a note." His shy eyes thanked Celestine.

Martin was in the kitchen, mashing boiled eggs into a bowl for egg salad sandwiches.

"Liz loved the roses. She's wretched and exhausted. It will take awhile." Celestine rubbed her coat where some cooky crumbs had stuck. "It's of an early greenness in the town, my beloved," she said.

Martin glanced around at the sound of little Marty's liquid laugh. He and Ellen had been finding so much in the toy box to interest them. Every time they found something special, Ellen would come to him and say, "Thank you, Grandpa." The last thing had been the little Indian Chief with the long feather headdress. Martin remembered bringing it to Elizabeth from Wyoming long ago. It was fun watching Ellen and Marty get so much good out of playing with it. Now he heard Ellen chasing Marty, calling "Indian, Indian! Look, Grandpa!" The two of them stood in the kitchen door.

Celestine was taking the pickles and salad dressing to the cupboard where Martin stood mixing the eggs. She was saying, "Elizabeth and George are extremely happy. Martin. But the poor things . . . how they are using themselves up . . ."

But Martin had not heard, he was looking at Ellen and Marty. Ellen had tied her silk kerchief around her short, black hair. Flowing out from this turban were the beautiful, long, green, feathery strands of the Boston fern. Beside her, Marty carried a bunch of the "feathers" in his hands. "Indian Chief, Grandpa!" Ellen looked up at Celestine and Martin with the complete, crooked smile of her mother on her clear, little face.

Celestine watched Martin absorbing the shock. She saw him manage a gentle, confident smile at the children. "Oh, real live Indians," he was saying. He waved to the kitchen door. "Go and do an Indian dance for me on the porch." Then he turned to Celestine. She was pouring milk into three tall glasses. Her hand shook just a little. He saw an ironical smile warring with the angry amazement in her hazel eyes.

"Dear, I am so very, very sorry. I had no idea. . ." He put the glasses down at the children's places.

Celestine felt the beautiful irony of it burst upon her like the newly discovered meaning of a poem. "There it is," she said, laying her ash-gray head under his chin. "It's my nemesis. It's so right, so utterly lovely! The snare is broken and we are delivered. . . . The green feathers! Oh, Martin!"



How Does a Christian Bury the Dead?

by KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

WHEN the English novelist Evelyn Waugh visited this country, he took back with him a rather unflattering impression of the way we bury our dead. In a satire called *The Loved One*, he records his contempt. He characterizes our funeral customs as composing elements of the barbarian at his worst and Hollywood at its best. Waugh feels that the funeral of an American is likely to have a professional air about it, almost like a catered affair. The American dead are borne to their grave with an impersonality which is saved from bleakness only by a bought, commercial warmth. It is not that our funeral customs are downright indecent. Indeed, it is the naked decency of it all that is so outrageous. We Americans, like all manner of men, do not particularly like being reminded of our faults and foibles by visitors from abroad. But a second look and a second thought reveals that, though the visitor may exaggerate, there is much truth in what he writes.

Our funeral customs find most of their motivation in one desire: to hide the fact of death. The corpse is rouged up to look natural. One funeral parlor advertises, "A lifelike appearance is the aim of our highest endeavor." The much more natural approach would be: "As long as I am alive, I want to look alive; and when I am dead, I want to look dead, good and dead." Then there is the matter of coffin or casket. We no longer speak of a coffin, the meaning is now unmistakable. The proper word is casket. This term has a comforting vagueness about it.

There is a growing tendency to bury the dead in a steel casket. Let it not be said that a steel casket has nothing un-Christian about it. Many fine Catholics, whose thinking is thoroughly Christian, bury their dead in steel caskets. However, the implication that no loving son would bury his mother in anything but a steel casket, this is what is un-Christian. Thinking of this kind measures filial piety by the casket's price. And in practice we find families buying steel caskets which they can ill afford.

Respectable magazines quite often have discreet advertisements about the waterproof advantages of a steel casket. There seems to be here a quiet denial of the Christian concept of death. No one is more concerned about the body than the Christian. The body no less than the soul is made for heaven. "The body is for the Lord, and the Lord for the body," writes St. Paul. But before its final glorification in heaven the body has to pay the price of man's revolt against God, decay. This is not a pleasant truth, but a truth nonetheless. The Christian boldly faces the inevitable corruption of the body. There is even a little comfort in this inevitability. The Christian knows that "unless the grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it die, it brings forth much fruit." From the death and decay of the seed rises new life. From the inevitable decay of the body the

• Think twice before you speak, especially if you intend to say what you think.—*Argus*

Christian waits for the new life of the risen body. Death is not the end.

Quite understandable is the good pagan's attitude toward death. For him death is the end, final and definitive. Beyond death there is no life, no love, no person; just void and emptiness. All reality ends with the last closing of the eyes. Though the good pagan prides himself, and rightly so, on his almost brutal passion for truth, perhaps it is expecting too much of him to accept death for what he thinks it is—the end. Perhaps for the pagan death is too barbarous a truth, too brutal a fact, to be accepted without blunting its brutality. Perhaps Eliot was right when he said, "Human kind cannot stand too much reality," and the hard reality of death cannot be accepted by the good pagan without first cushioning it and then denying it. If I were a good pagan, I think I would welcome anything, literally anything, that would create the illusion

of life and deny the reality of death. I think, possibly, I would welcome the restorative arts of the beautician to give me a natural, lifelike appearance, to create an illusion of life. I would be only too happy to be laid out in a steel casket (which in turn would be lowered into a steel vault) with its orchid quilting and its great pleated pillow. And I would welcome the organ music filtering through the artificial grill from the record player behind. If this is the end, final and definitive, then I want all man can offer to create the illusion of life and to deny the reality of death.

This is not a plea for the adoption of the Trappist custom of burying the dead without a casket, though that practice has much to commend it. Nor is this a condemnation of any comfort given to the bereaved. To comfort the sorrowing is a spiritual work of mercy. But in easing the sorrow of others there must be no attempt to cover up the fact of death. Comfort is possible only because in death and beyond death there is life eternal. Nor does this suggest that a tearless funeral is a more Christian funeral. Christ wept at the grave of Lazarus. We, no less than the pagans, weep for our dead, but there is hope in our tears. What is intended here is a reminder that just as a Christian cannot live as a pagan, neither can he die as a pagan. Nor can he weep as a pagan. Nor bury his dead as a pagan.

We ask ourselves the question, "How does a Christian die?" In the light of the answer to this question we will learn how to weep and how to bury our dead.

The Christian was made for God. However, he can completely attain God only through death. The Christian fears death because it is the destruction of his nature. But through the power of the sacraments of the dying the Christian embraces his fear of death and makes it holy. To the whole man, body and soul, the Christ whom the dying man has just received in Holy Viaticum speaks, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

This is how the Christian dies. And in this spirit we weep and bury our dead.

"Someday," Rickey promised Thomas, "it won't make any difference." Jackie Robinson made that promise come true

A PROMISE FOR CHARLEY THOMAS

by RED SMITH

Jack Roosevelt Robinson, the record books say, was born on January 31, 1919, in Cairo, Ga. That's what the books say, but it could be said with equal truth that Jackie Robinson, the major league baseball player, was born in 1903 in South Bend, Ind. And by that time the influences which were to make him a figure of social importance in America had been at work for over a century. Those influences began when the first African slaver brought his manacled cargo into harbor.

In 1903 Branch Rickey was baseball coach at the University of Michigan. On his squad was a Negro named Charley Thomas. The first trip Charley made with the team was to South Bend, where the hotel management declined to let him register. Rickey, already up in a suite with the team captain, hurried back to the desk and asked whether Thomas might share the suite, too. Management consented on condition that the Negro's name be left off the register.

Upstairs the coach and captain fell to talking. Thomas sat on the edge of Rickey's bed with his head low, concealing his face. Rickey spoke to him and the boy looked up. He was crying. He was wringing his hands between his knees as though trying to peel off the skin.

"It's these," Charley Thomas said, lifting his hands.

"My hands," the kid said, "they're black. If it wasn't for my skin, I wouldn't be any different from anybody else."

"Son," Rickey said, "the day will come when it won't make any difference. I promise you."

That was fifty-four years ago. Forty-three years passed before Rickey could keep his promise. He had to find the right time and the right place and the right guy. The guy was Jackie Robinson, whom Rickey signed for Brooklyn's Montreal farm in 1946.

Ten years later, after a reported trade to New York, Jackie Robinson announced his retirement from baseball. But he bows out as a star, not a curiosity. Instead of looking ahead to the Giants' training camp, he can look back to his first training trip to Daytona Beach, Fla., and ponder the measure of the change a decade has wrought.

The fact that baseball's color line was not a written rule rendered it no less formidable as a barrier. Gossip insists that Robinson wasn't the first with Negro blood to play in organized baseball; a few, it is said, got by as Cubans. It seems possible that one reason Rickey picked out Robinson was the impossibility of subterfuge in his case.

Jackie's skin is as black as skin can get. He was a figure of some prominence in athletics before Rickey tapped him. He had played college football at U.C.L.A. and baseball with the Kansas City Monarchs of the Negro National League.

Jim Crow didn't give up without a struggle when Rickey hired Robinson. Executives of fifteen major league teams approved a report deplored the employment of Negroes as a threat to their investments. There was fear and resentment among players. After Robinson moved up to the National League, members of the St. Louis Cardinals laid plans for a strike which was averted only because Stanley Woodward, then sports editor of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, published a story that put the finger on the agitators.

Through 1946, while Robinson was lathering International League pitchers for an average of .349, Rickey repeatedly disavowed interest in social reform. He had no concern with discrimination or integration, he insisted, and baseball's color line was none of his business.

"I want ball players," he said. "I don't care if they're purple or green or have hair all over them and arms that

reach down to their ankles, just so they can beat the whey out of the Cardinals and win a World Series."

A man who had never heard of Charley Thomas might have believed him. Privately, Rickey confided his plans to men who were aware that Robinson's spectacular play with Montreal would compel the Dodgers to give him a chance in big league competition.

Jackie would go to training camp with the parent club in 1947 and he would be used whenever possible in exhibition games. His name, however, would continue to appear on the Montreal roster, not Brooklyn's. It was Rickey's devout—and perhaps naive—hope that Robinson's performance would so impress the players that they would seek his promotion.

So determined was Rickey to insure a fair trial for Robinson that he chose Havana as the Dodgers' training site in 1947. He made this decision to avoid conflict with Florida's Jim Crow laws, and this must have been the only time in history that a whole baseball team left the country because of one rookie.

If any players ever came to Rickey with a request that Robinson be moved up to help them win a pennant, no such testimony was entered in the record. If it happened, the chances are it would have been overlooked anyhow, for while the Club was in Havana the manager, Leo Durocher, got involved in a rhubarb with Larry MacPhail, then president of the Yankees, which brought about Durocher's suspension for a year.

Before he was banished, Durocher had asked Rickey to let him have Robinson. It was April 9 when Happy Chandler, the baseball commissioner, announced Durocher's suspension. That news was monopolizing everybody's attention the next day when the following statement issued from the Dodgers' office in Montague Street:

"The Brooklyn Dodgers today purchased the contract of Jack Roosevelt

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*"I want ball players,"
said Rickey. "I don't care if
they're purple or green."
Then he hired Jackie Robinson*

Robinson from the Montreal Royals. He will report immediately."

The big step had been taken, but much remained to be done before Rickey's promise to Charley Thomas would be fulfilled. Deeply distressed by the hatchet job done on his manager, Rickey still found time to consult with Negro leaders in New York and enlist them in a kind of conspiracy of silence. Please, he urged them, do not for the time being take formal cognizance of Jackie's color; don't salute him as a trail-blazer for your people; let him win acceptance as a great ball player before he is acclaimed as a great Negro.

The leaders co-operated. It cannot be said truly that Robinson has always shown the same understanding. A fiercely combative man, acutely sensitive to social wrongs, he has been the center of many small storms, has sometimes raised racial issues where none existed. If he is often difficult to reason with, he is a great deal tougher to pitch to, and that seems to balance the ledger.

In all the essentials, Robinson has made it big. He has qualified as a ball player, as a citizen, as a man of honor. To ask more is to demand a degree of perfection not asked of the rest of us.

He would have gone to the Giants' camp this year as a star—an aging star, to be sure, but fully accredited. Now that he has chosen retirement, there'll be kids in their middle teens who will miss him, kids who aren't even aware that when they were four or five years old a color line existed in baseball.

These kids go to ball games today and they take for granted players like Jackie Robinson and Don Newcombe and Willie Mays, Larry Doby and Roy Campanella and Hank Aaron. As far as baseball is concerned, the kids make no distinction between Bill Bruton's complexion and Richie Ashburn's.

That's how Rickey told Charley Thomas it would be. Jackie Robinson made Rickey's promise come true.



*Under Howard Mitchell's capable direction, the National Symphony has won
a wide reputation for "a new and hitherto unknown sense for making music."*

**A SIGN PICTURE STORY
PHOTOS BY JACQUES LOWE**



HOWARD MITCHELL **National Symphony Conductor**

When Howard Mitchell became full conductor and musical director of Washington's National Symphony in 1948, youth had its day. For at 37, Mitchell was one of the youngest conductors of a major orchestra in the United States. In the eight years since then, Mitchell has gained for the National Symphony a wide reputation for what Washington music critic Paul Hume has called "a new and hitherto unknown sense for making music as the composer set it down." Watching Mitchell at work, it is not hard to understand the reason for his reputation. The action of his hands, the changing expression of his face demonstrate complete control of the piece of music. Mitchell himself describes conducting as "an artistic experience, requiring deep concentration on the meaning of the music, its content, and the total quality of what you are hearing and what you are immediately about to hear." Though he is unaware of his appearance when conducting, Mitchell says that "conducting centers around the face and eyes. However, it is definitely not a matter of mere acting."

ACTION OF HIS HANDS

recting Washington's National Symphony has enjoyed
a hitherto unknown sense for making music as the great composers set it down"



OF HIS DRAKING EXPRESSION OF HIS FACE SHOW MITCHELL'S DEEP CONCENTRATION ON MUSIC DURING REHEARSAL OF WAGNER'S "EIN HELDENLEBEN"



On evenings at home, Mitchell can sometimes be found working studiously over a composition at the piano.



Six-year-old son Andy confides that he'd rather be a quarterback than a musician.



After dinner before an evening concert, Mitchell listens thoughtfully as daughters Lorraine and Martha and Mrs. Mitchell discuss the program.

RIGHT—Rest of family kibitzes while Mrs. Mitchell plays cards with Gerard. Oldest son, Glenn, is at

HOWARD MITCHELL continued



The Mitchells, Mr. and Mrs.

At home in Washington, the Mitchells live a family life that is quiet, happy, and very much centered around the wide, wide world of music

Music is the throbbling center of life at the Mitchells' home on Washington's Fessenden Street. Of an evening, Howard can be found working studiously over a composition at the piano. His wife Alma, like her husband an accomplished cellist (they met while studying at the Peabody Conservatory), gives occasional lessons to promising young violoncello students. And their second youngest son, Gerard, 11, is studying piano as his older brother, Glenn, and his sisters, Lorraine and Martha, did before him. Six-year-old Andy contents himself with playing football and dreaming of becoming a college quarterback. Though none of the children have considered following their father as professional musicians, Howard says, "The

oldest three are as discriminating listeners as you find and that seems to be what the world of music needs most."

A convert to the Church of some twenty-six years, the conductor is concerned over an apparent lack of interest among Catholics in serious music. "I can think of only a handful of Catholics I know who attend symphony concerts," he says. "I'm as concerned as anyone over the tremendous quantity of cheapness and pure vulgarity that has crept into popular entertainment. But it seems to me that we ought to couple our objections to this with a positive effort to encourage good entertainment, good art, good music. The Church should resume her importance as a patron of the arts. She would be the gainer."



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ASTROLOGY IS THE BUNK

*Astrologers bilk the public
of millions of dollars a year
—millions for pure bunk*

by FRANK L. REMINGTON



Should I accept that new job?
Does Joe really love me?
Will there be another war?

Ask an astrologer. He can answer these questions, and any others that may be worrying you, by consulting the positions of the planets. It may cost you anywhere from a dollar up to several hundred. But isn't knowledge of the future worth it?

It would be wonderful, indeed, if life were so simple that a stargazer could solve all our problems. Since astrology purports to be a legitimate branch of science, is there any reason why we shouldn't guide our lives by its principles? Definitely . . .

For three hundred years there has been no recognized scientist anywhere in the world who has professed belief in the slightest connection between the stars and man's destiny. Indeed, about the only thing they do recognize about astrology is that too many persons fall for its abracadabra. Astronomers are appalled at the number of people who confuse them with astrologers. Astronomy concerns itself with scientific measurements of the stars and planets and is not in any way interested in astrological soothsaying.

How accurate are the astrologers' prognostications? Obviously, since so many predictions are made, some of them are bound to be right merely on the basis of percentage. If you cut a deck of cards often enough, you would by pure chance eventually cut the ace of spades. And any number of stargazers have acquired reputations through the law of chance. A woman astrologer embarked on a successful career by telling a hotel owner that he would

meet disaster. Shortly thereafter his hotel caught fire. Newspapers publicized the astrologer's prophecy and she was on her way to fame and fortune.

On the other hand, Elizabeth Aldrich, former president of the Astrologers Guild of America, prophesied that World War II would definitely come to an end in 1943. In 1947, a well-known New York astrologer said that the cost of living would go no higher and that President Truman would not be re-elected in 1948. One of the best known Pacific Coast stargazers predicted that Hitler would be assassinated in 1940. We know that none of these forecasts came to pass.

To demonstrate the folly of taking horoscopes seriously, one debunker sent the year, day, and minute of his birth to six different astrologers, enclosing a fee for a horoscope. He also asked each: "Shall I marry this year?" The six replies varied greatly. Not one learned from the stars that the man was already married. In all other matters the stargazers guessed 90 per cent wrong.

Most astrologers agree that those born under the sign of Libra should possess musical or other artistic talent. A survey into the zodiacal birth signs of some 2,000 musicians and painters revealed that their birthdays ranged throughout the year. In fact, fewer of them were born under Libra than any other sign of the zodiac.

The results of such investigations and the testimony of eminent scientists notwithstanding, the vague generalities in which a horoscope is

couched should warn most thinking persons of its worthlessness. "Matters that involve your prestige require that you uncover any present errors in your life. Think out long-term goals for success. Be understanding to all." Of course, it's good advice, but why attribute it to astrology? Doesn't it apply to everyone everyday of the year, not to just those born under a certain sign on a certain day?

Despite its fraudulent nature, it's estimated that over three million persons in our country believe in astrology and perhaps even more millions believe it to some extent. Some 25,000 astrologers collect millions of dollars annually from these deluded people who would rather listen to the outpourings of a stargazer than to act constructively by thinking clearly about their problems. In fact, for the fuzzy thinker, astrology offers a convenient excuse for his own failures or shortcomings. "The stars just aren't in the right position," he rationalizes. Or "I'll wait until my horoscope indicates success."

Does it really seem logical that the planets, which are only huge chunks of rock or gaseous matter floating in space millions of miles away, could somehow exercise influence on us? The Smithsonian Institute leaves little doubt as to how it feels. "The Institute believes that the fortunes of individuals primarily depend on their own exertions and secondly on the influence of future environment, and in general are not predictable." Which is just a polite way of saying that astrology is the bunk.

CANADA'S MAN OF PROMISE



Liked by Canadians and admired

**by the rest of the world, Lester B. Pearson is
one of the strongest men of the
West. He has several roads
open to him, all full of promise**

by ANTHONY J. WRIGHT

OTTAWA—Dark hair streaked with white and face puffy from loss of sleep, Lester B. Pearson smiled his way into a conference room at the External Affairs Department here at the height of the Hungarian and Suez fighting. It was the kind of meeting "Mike" Pearson, Canada's Minister for External Affairs, likes best—a press conference. It was going to be one of his toughest.

Shortly before, his government had politely rapped London over the knuckles for invading Egypt. Having, so far, spoken like Britain and thought with her at every serious turn in history, Canada was cutting loose. She was lining up with the United States, not to mention Russia and the Arabs, against her principal parent—staid, mature Britain.

Mike walked on eggs adroitly during the give-and-take with reporters, but he made it plain that Canada thought London had been foolish to jump into the Middle Eastern cockpit. Newsmen left the room believing that the friendly, understanding man with the smile had told them everything. Oddly, as the papers next morning revealed, he had told them little. But he had deepened the image they had of him as the most capable foreign minister on the western side.

The days when Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay pulled the suave, diplomatic strings of western life are gone. The State Department has its career men, but their bosses are often little better than inspired novices. Pearson is a professional. This baseball player from Canada, for all his jauntiness, has the measure of the Lloyds, Edens, and Molotovs of our day.

A history professor turned civil servant and later a politician, Pearson now sees many of the things he holds dear crumbling or in danger.

The United Nations, in spite of some successes, is often futile, still has to grow teeth. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization may wilt, not because of Soviet might but because having armed itself there seems little else for it to do, for the moment. The Commonwealth alliance and the brotherhood of western man were buffeted badly by Eden's policy over Egypt. This, of all troubles, is the most alarming to Pearson and to his boss, Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent.

When Eisenhower can claim he hears first of important Anglo-French military moves over the news ticker, something is pretty sick in the western camp. When Canada kicks politely at being informed an hour before an ultimatum is delivered to Cairo, instead of being "consulted," and when even loyal Australia feels slighted by the speed of London's explo-

sive haste, it's fair to ask whether the Commonwealth can stand such upheavals.

Will India and Pakistan, champions of the colored peoples, stay in a family where the head of the house drops bombs on camels, pyramids, and desert installations to oblige a colored people to toe the line? (This is putting the question starkly, as sippers in New Delhi's coffee houses or bubble-bubble smokers in a grimy alcove-shop of Karachi have put it. Even if the British did take Port Said with lofty distaste and little hatred, their French allies were bent on punishing Egypt for helping other North Africans. Whatever the real motives of the action, it is difficult to convince a colored man that the British fought Egyptians for love of a canal.)

Hence Pearson at fifty-nine sees the kind of world he's grown up with slipping away. He might be the best man to stop the rot. He and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent dreamed up the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. They are presumed to have done much to keep India and Pakistan in the Commonwealth during the Egyptian crisis. Their attentions to Prime Minister Nehru of India when he visited Ottawa before Christmas showed Canada's fierce wish to woo the Far East. Ever since Nasser began to challenge the West, Pearson has been trying to counsel London and Paris. Since the summer of 1956, Lester Pearson has added cubits to his stature as a Commonwealth statesman, while Eden, Lloyd, and even Australia's Menzies have been cut down to size.

The police force idea was mostly Pearson's. It saved the United Nations from fiasco and impressed Mr. Dulles who, then, was only hours away from the operating table. Even the Japanese think Pearson is the world's greatest statesman—that's what they have told visiting Canadians.

There are three roads now for Pearson—all of them mean work and worry. The toughest would be to answer natural ambition and to run for leadership of Canada's Liberal party when Mr. St. Laurent retires. Mr. St. Laurent plans to fight the next national election in Canada, probably in June, and then, being seventy-four, must get ready to find a successor. In Canadian politics, unless a surprising reversal takes place, the Liberal leader is prime minister. Since 1935 the Liberals have carried every election—only misery or scandal could unseat them soon.

Pearson, however, might leave the leadership to others and decide to remain as Minister for External Affairs. If he does so, he runs the risk of seeing some other prime minister, perhaps a

man who does not care a fig for Asiatics or the Commonwealth links, step in and spoil his life work.

"Mike" might go for some international job. This is not likely. Most Canadians think he refused the post of secretary to NATO at the end of last year, stepping aside for Paul-Henri Spaak, because he wishes to stay in office in Canada.

Hence, having spurned the fleshpots of chateau life in Paris, Pearson appears to be eyeing the most coveted job in Canada—prime minister. Two others, at least, are likely to be candidates when the Liberals pick a new leader. One is Health Minister Paul Martin, an English-speaking Catholic who knows the French. He has endeared himself to all Canadians by his smooth handling of the controversial issue of national health insurance and his clever foresight in heading off trouble over polio vaccine. The other is Finance Minister Walter Harris, a somber but able man, Protestant and English-speaking.

If the Liberals follow their custom, they will pick a non-Catholic whose origins are English rather than French-Canadian. St. Laurent is a devout French-Canadian Catholic. The party, so as to rebut the charge of favoring one "race," has chosen from both alternately. Hence, although Martin is a ball-of-fire and superior to Harris, at least in popular appeal, the higher-ups may favor the Finance Minister. Thus the race might be between Pearson and Harris. Whoever wins will have a tough assignment. St. Laurent, a wily, charming, and sincere corporation lawyer from Quebec City is the "chef" par excellence and a skillful gleaner of votes. Even Protestant English-speaking Ontario loves him.

Pearson will decide his choice with his mind on the international job he still has to do. He has said he will run for

Parliament again at the June elections. He represents Algoma East, a mining and lumbering district of northern Ontario. His office carefully remembers constituents' deaths, births, marriages, and 100th anniversaries. A card goes to homes in Algoma whether Mike is sparing at the United Nations, parrying thrusts by Jawarharlal Nehru, enduring a barrage by Bulganin in a Crimean villa, or grinding away at a 12- or 15-hour day in Ottawa's East Block.

Canadians like Mike. He's made our name and aims known. They'd probably vote for him even if he knows more about protocol and pacts than freight rates and patronage. He may not have the same ambition and purpose as Harris and Martin, but he manages to be better known and loved than either.

Mike is a debonair, friendly type, a bit rounder in face and wearier these days. His smiles don't go deep but he likes to be liked. You come away after talking with him feeling that he wanted to know and hear you, even if he did not care a fig. The easy smile deceives. It masks a deep understanding of the world and its woes. His is the creed of the history professor who prefers improving the present to teaching the past.

Pearson, former Canadian ambassador to London and Washington, former president of the United Nations General Assembly, now External Affairs Minister to Her Majesty's Canadian government, was bored to tears after the first World War in Armour's Chicago meat plants. He might have carved out a successful business career there but could not bring himself to care about sausages.

Before that he'd been a student-pilot in the Royal Flying Corps but was "written off" after a solo crash. Although a trained pilot, he hates air travel. He's ready to retch on each of his many diplomatic trips.

After leaving the stockyards, Mike

On his return to Ottawa from a round-the-world trip, Pearson enjoys a favorite chore, an interview by the press



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Mike



Lester Pearson and General Gruenther enjoy a pleasant chat

won a scholarship to Oxford. This was the life. He won "blues" at hockey and lacrosse, graduated B. A. and, in 1923, came back to hometown Toronto as lecturer in history at the University. His time was spent between classrooms and the sideline where he coached football and hockey. Even today his appetite for tennis, softball, and baseball makes some forget he's a serious diplomat. He married a Winnipeg girl, has a daughter and son.

Pearson was lured from Toronto by the External Affairs Department in 1928. Ottawa was beginning to find its international feet. Down the years foreign relations had been steered by London, even if the hand on the tiller was Canadian. Since then men like St. Laurent and Pearson have done the steering from Canada. We now have representatives in most capitals.

But Mike never joined the striped pants brigade. He looks like something out of a store window when protocol forces him into diplomatic livery. He's still the guy who digs himself out of winter snow in suburban Rockcliffe or repairs his roof in spring. He hates cocktail parties. Reporters used to call him "Mike" in public. Now they are more respectful. When he turned up in Washington as Canadian envoy, reporters and photographers waiting for him to appear at a press conference found he'd been there all the time arranging chairs and helping them fix lights. He likes, and gets, a good press, never drops bricks.

This young-old man believes passionately in the United Nations, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the Commonwealth. If he thinks he can do more for them as Canadian prime minister he'll enter the political struggle

now developing around Mr. St. Laurent.

The next Canadian prime minister is likely to be the strongest man on the Commonwealth team. Sir Anthony Eden has weakened Britain's influence over the others. The spell of London's calm maturity no longer bewitches as it did. After Britain, Canada is the most powerful country of the Commonwealth family, industrially and technologically. Britain looks with proud respect at the young giant she has bred.

Canada's dollar is the strongest currency of all. Her mines, woods, fields, and fisheries are turning out riches in a flood. When the United States has consumed her way through great natural stocks of oil, iron ore, trees, uranium and base metals, Canada will still be a little-tapped treasure house.

With such a country behind him, Pearson would have a fair chance of persuading India and Pakistan that the West was not as black as it has been painted. London and Washington would listen with greater respect to Pearson as prime minister than as external affairs minister. He could do more than now to prop up sagging NATO.

But the top job anywhere is a thankless chore. In Canada it can be martyrdom. Perhaps Pearson, as leader, might stumble among political potholes he never sees now. Eden was a good foreign secretary but as a prime minister he's no Churchill. Pearson, again, hates tawdry election tasks.

It gives Mike a sense of power to act as honest broker between Eisenhower, Eden, Bulganin, Nehru, Bandaranaike, and Sukarno. He feels he can bring East and West closer together. As Canadian prime minister he might have to spend most of his effort drearily bringing French and English-Canadians together, an eternal and less rewarding task.

Thus he might be tempted to forego the rewards and glamour of running for prime minister—might prefer to stay an elder statesman though still in office. He could always resign if the next prime minister began to undo much of the work Pearson himself has patiently done to build up Canada's position as a "bridge." This word "bridge," although it creeps into after-dinner speeches almost as often as "the U.S.-Canadian border, the longest unfortified border in the world," describes Canada's situation accurately.

We not only are a bridge between

Britain and the U.S., explaining one to the other, but have also become a bridge between the extreme pro-British faction of the Commonwealth and the Asiatic group.

Pearson has his enemies. Many in Canada believe him shallow—they cannot quite get used to the idea of a statesman in a bow tie who laughs at the slightest opportunity. The Canadians are, at bottom, a serious race, far more serious than the British whom they consider old-fashioned and a bit stuffy. Such enemies might bring Mike down if he tries for the top job.

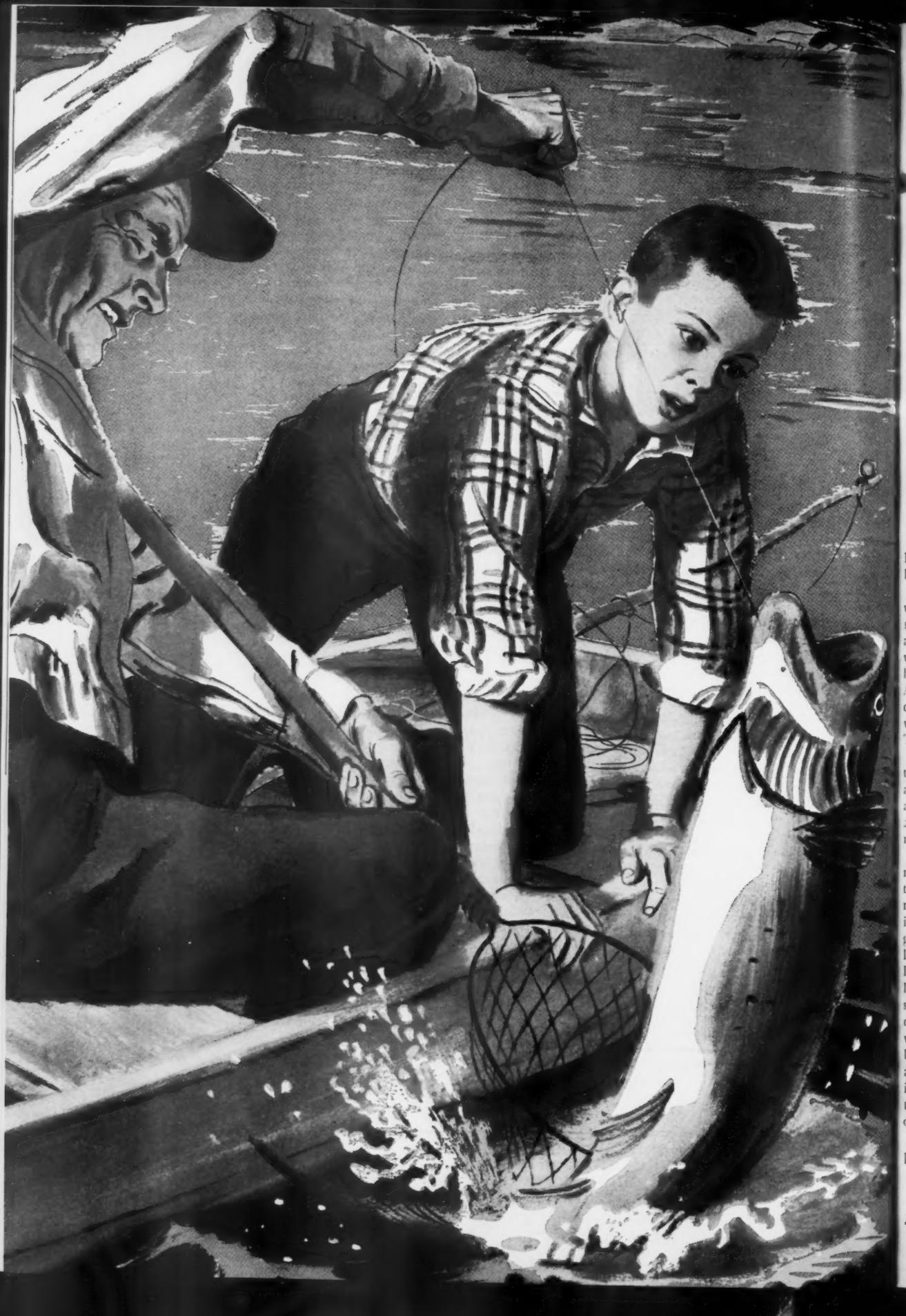
Whichever post Pearson goes for, or even if he remains as External Affairs Minister in Canada until his grueling days fell him, one thing is plain. Sometimes sneeringly accused of bending over backward to understand the Kremlin's view, Mike Pearson is one of the West's most resolute enemies of the whole Communist conspiracy. In Russia last year, the only foreign minister of the western nations to make the trip since the war, he came back thoroughly shocked by the ruthless Machiavellianism of the squabbling Soviet bosses.

He'll choose his next job knowing it may be his last big one. As a man of the schools originally, though not an intellectual, Pearson was especially pleased that in both Hungary and Poland students started the ferment against Russia. If the Soviets, their hands clamped round the throat of education, cannot subdue the human spirit in young students, Pearson feels there's hope for man. However black the news he will smile, but underneath the easy manner is a competent seriousness that will carry him far as contender for leadership in Canada and as prime minister if he wins.

Interested in the East, he talks to the Minister of Ceylon



ANTHONY J. WRIGHT, overseas member of the British Institute of Journalists, represents the Worcester (Mass.) Telegram and the English Birmingham Post in the Canadian Parliamentary Press Gallery.



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Joe

the big fish

Every fisherman dreams of the day he'll catch his big fish. But young
and old fishermen see things differently. Old Tickler wasn't sure that
catching the big one was a good thing

by *Walter Macken*

ILLUSTRATED BY
C. J. MAZOUJAN

EVERY DAY it was the same as the day before.

He would eat his breakfast: porridge with thick cream on it, freshly baked soda cake with home-churned butter and good, strong tea. Then he would wipe his mouth, grab his rod from beside the dresser, say "Good-bye now, Aunt Judy," listen while she said, "Be careful now, Joe, don't fall into the water or your mother will kill me." Then he was off.

The cottage was a good way from the lake. You stepped outside the door and you saw the lake lying down below at your feet. It was a very big lake. It stretched away until it was lost in the mists of the morning.

Some mornings when he came out the mists had not completely cleared and the tree-covered islands seemed to be raised out of the water, held free from it, his Uncle Tom said, by fairies' fingers. He would pause for awhile to look at it, count up how many days were left of his holidays before he would have to go back into the town and school, sigh at the fleet passing of the days, and then he would run down the winding dirt road. It was easy to run because it was all downhill. It twisted and turned and was altogether hemmed in by stretching blackberry briars and tall bracken, which had filched wisps of hay from passing carts.

Then he reached the main road, paused to see if there was any traffic,

and darted across to the stile that went into the wood of young forest trees. Joe was ten years old, the same age as the young trees, Uncle Tom said, but they were nearly twice the size of him. The smell of pine was all about him, seeming to envelop him. He rarely hurried through the forest field, but when he climbed the stile at the other side he could see the stream that wound in the middle of the next one, and he could see the waters of the lake gleaming through the trees at the end of it and it always made him hurry.

First thing like this in the morning he was always filled with the most insane optimism, his pulse hammering. He ran by the stream, pushed through some low alders and then came out on the stone-littered shore of the lake. From here a tree-covered finger pointed out into the wind and the water, and at the end of the finger he could see the big, white rock where he would sit and fish. It took him ten minutes to work his way to the big, white stone. He sat there.

The sun was warm already. There were white fleecy clouds in the sky drifting lazily. A southwest wind was blowing on the left side of him, splashing the big stone on which he was sitting.

His rod was simple. It was just a thick piece of bamboo with coarse, brown line wound around the top of it. He freed this. There was a piece of gut tied to the hook. From his bulging

trouser pocket he took the tin of worms. They were clean worms, blue-headed ones, wriggling on green moss. He fixed two of the worms on the hook. He had no feeling about this. He remembered the time he wouldn't touch a worm with his fingers if you shot him. Then he adjusted the cork on the line, threw in the worms, watched them sink into the deep water and waited tensely.

He always waited tensely. He was sure every morning that a big trout was waiting to take his worms. Sure of it. In two hours he would be less certain. He would go home at one o'clock with a perch or maybe an eel, or even on one occasion a small trout, and he would be saying: Well tomorrow morning I bet you I will get a big fish. Tomorrow morning I will go home with an absolutely enormous fish. For an hour he would worry about what he would do when the big fish caught his hook. Would the bamboo break? He would have to haul him straight into the air. Would the gut break? Would the hook straighten out? He was all plans. And in about that time at almost exactly nine o'clock Tickler would pass in his punt trawling his lines behind him.

Joe looked to his left and saw the punt coming around the point. If only, he thought, I could get stuck in an enormous fish now just as Tickler was passing, he would say that I was a real fisherman. He shook the rod impatiently, but it did nothing to the fish.

Joe was on his knees, gripping the boat

He watched the slow approach of Tickler, who guided the boat along the edge of the shallows. The two ashpoles were sticking out each side of the punt, the heavy lines trailing from them, and on the tips of the rods Joe could see the bells. How he longed passionately that Tickler would stop some morning and say, "Hey, Joe, how about hopping in and coming fishing with me!" That was a dream of course, because professional fishermen didn't care for little boys he supposed. And besides punts were only meant for one man. Single-oared boats they were, like chickens of the big two oared ones that could handle almost any wind that blew on the lake.

Tickler came closer. He wore a cap. It was a brown nondescript cap, very old, with three or four trout flies stuck in it. He wore a heavy, gray moustache and his face and hands were nearly the color of mahogany from the burning of the sun and the wind. He always came by the white rock, and he would look at Joe, raise one hand from the oar, take the pipe from his mouth, nod gravely, and say "Good morning. Any luck?"

Joe would say, "No, no luck. I think it's the east wind or the glare on the water maybe." Joe had heard grown-ups talking about fishing.

Then Tickler would say, "That must be it. I had no luck either." Many times of course when he said this, Tickler would have two or three fat trout in the boat, but it encouraged Joe to hear that a real professional wasn't catching any fish either.

This morning the procedure was changed.

Tickler paused as he came close.

"Any luck, Joe?" he asked.

"No luck," said Joe, shaking his head. He couldn't think of any legitimate reason. The wind seemed to be right; there was no great glare on the water. "I haven't been long at it," he said.

"Would you like to come fishing in the boat with me?" Tickler asked then. He nearly laughed at the look in Joe's face. His mouth was wide open and his brown eyes were popping under his thatch of sun-bleached hair.

Joe thought he might be dreaming. He said "What?"

"I thought you might like to come with me for the day," Tickler said. "If you are not too busy there, a change of ground might be good."

"Oh, boy!" Joe said, and then he thought of his Aunt Judy. If he wasn't home at one o'clock like usual, wouldn't she think he was drowned? "Oh, I'd love to," he said, his face a yard long. "But I can't. Sure I have to be home at one, or they'd think I was dead."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tickler, "I called in to them when I was coming down and asked if they minded if I took you for the day—that was, of course, if you were willing."

"Oh, boy!" said Joe again and started to wrap his line around the bamboo, furiously.

Tickler laughed quietly as he stopped the boat and started slowly and methodically to wind in his own lines coiling them on the bottom boards. He was pleased that he had done this. The face of Joe was lighted like a torch. Everyday for a week he had seen the small boy with the intense look sitting on the white rock. He had come to look for him each morning. He didn't really want anyone in the boat with him. He was happy trawling his lines, smoking his pipe, looking at the hills, killing his fish, and thinking. But, he thought then, think of the second-hand pleasure I can get out of Joe.

"Leave your rod there under the trees," he said. "You can pick it up again."

"I will," said Joe and did so and then came back on the rock again and waited. Tickler steered in close to the rock, reached one hand for it, and held on.

• Relax. Don't worry about the job you don't like. Someone else will soon have it.—*Irish Digest*

"Climb in now," he said. He gave no warning, but he was pleased to see the careful way Joe stepped in, so that he would not rock the boat. It was very narrow, very slim, but Joe negotiated it with care and instinct. That fellow will make a good fisherman someday, Tickler thought, and then pushed away from the rock.

"You let out the lines," Tickler said, "If you like."

"Oh, thanks, sure," said Joe. He dropped in the bait. It was a real minnow mounted on a spinner and fixed with red thread. One was a copper spinner and the other was pewter. He was trembling in case he would do something wrong. But he didn't. He let out the wet lines carefully, all thirty yards of them.

"It's a good thing to have help in the boat," said Tickler. "Here I am like a gent, while you are doing all the work."

Joe laughed.

"Oh, this is not work," he said. "Mr. Murphy, this is real pleasure. Will we get a pull soon do you think?"

"We should do," said Tickler. "It's a good day."

"Why don't you use real fishing rods?" Joe asked.

"No money in the rod," Tickler chuckled. "Rods are only for gentlemen, Joe. They don't depend on fish for a living. They can afford to play with trout and lose them. We can't afford that. We hook fish; we want to catch them. It's hard enough to hook them without letting them get away."

"I see," said Joe. "No money in the rod." He was determined to be a professional fisherman when he grew up and not a gentleman. Tickler could see the thought on his face. He could have told Joe about fishing in the spring with showers of hailstones falling, sometimes snow, so that your fingers were petrified and it was all you could do to take the hook out of the fish. Paying for all this in the winter with rheumatism and lumbago. Or he could tell him about the ineffable boredom of being ghillie to the gentlemen who came to fish in the summer, silently watching their blundering and ignorance, or the conversations they conducted over his head as if he wasn't there or as if he was a primitive man without intellect or intelligence.

"Do you like fishing?" Joe asked.

"Aye," said Tickler, "I do. Every year you swear you will never fish again; that you will work on shore. This when you wash the boat and put it away in October. Then as the spring comes you feel a stirring in you, just the same as if it was the first year. I was your age when I started with my father. That's fifty years ago, Joe. Imagine that. I maybe have another ten in me."

"Did you catch a big enormous fish, ever?" Joe asked.

"Salmon yes," said Tickler. "Many salmon. But the big trout always keep away from me. The biggest I got was six and a half pounds. That's the way I like it. Two to six is the right size. Good condition fish."

"I see them stuffed in cases up in the town," Joe said. "Big enormous fish. I want one like that. Over twenty pounds. Imagine over twenty pounds!"

"Fish are better in a man's stomach than in a glass case, Joe," Tickler said. "What's a stuffed fish for only for vanity? A great fish like that only comes once in a lifetime. You remember that. Ask anyone. You keep fishing long enough and you'll get a big fish sometime during your lifetime."

The bell on the pole wagged and tinkled. You'd swear a hand under the water was tugging it. Joe nearly jumped out of his skin.

Tickler's voice calmed him. "Easy, Joe," he said. "You start pulling in the fish. I'll get in the other line." Joe couldn't believe he heard him aright, but he did. He caught the taut line. He could feel something alive at the end of it. He felt that his heart was suffocating

him. Tickler could see the excitement even on the back of his neck, which was flushed. Hand over hand, he pulled the fish closer to the boat until he could see the distorted shape of him, right under him. He was sure he would lose the fish and that Tickler would be disgusted with him. Then Tickler leaned over with the big net and scooped him into the boat. He was a nice fish about two pounds. Joe gazed at the threshing body in wonder, flashing now gold now silver. It was the biggest trout Joe had ever been that close to, apart from the ones on the fishmonger's slab. Tickler killed him and he lay supine, his mouth wide open as if gasping for air, his eyes bugging. Tickler felt he had never enjoyed catching a fish so well since he was Joe's age. Joe was speechless with joy and wonder, his hands clasped between his knees.

Tickler repaired the slashed minnow and they fished again. Before lunch they had caught three more, none as big as the first. Then they went onto one of the islands and Tickler showed Joe the kind of sticks to gather and how to light them with a bit of faded bracken and he made tea in a terrible black kettle and it tasted, oh, like everything, and Tickler also had thick slices of fresh cake and hard boiled eggs, and as they sat there afterward, Tickler smoking his pipe, Joe felt that he had never been as happy in his whole life before. And Tickler got a fresh view through Joe's eyes, of the low hills behind and they giving way to the great valley in the mountains below; the whitefaced cottages holding on to the sides of the hills like grim death and the patterned fields, forty-seven different shades of green, and the wild duck whistling by, and the lake gulls wheeling, all under a blue sky flecked with white clouds.

It was as near paradise as you could get, but then, of course, that's the difference between this paradise and the real one. The earthly one always has a catch in it. There is always something in it to spoil it so that people who think will be made aware of its unreality, and it would have been perfect for Joe (and for Tickler too in a way) if it wasn't for that bloody, big fish.

They struck him late in the evening at the big black rock that raises an ugly head two hundred yards from the south side of the Island of The Great Yellow Ox. He nearly took the ashpole out of the boat, not to mind ringing the bell. Joe grabbed the line and the line cut into his fingers. He looked back over his shoulder at Tickler showing the whites of his eyes. "Tickler!" he called forgetting to be polite and use the man's real name. "I can't hold him! I can't hold him!"

"Get in the other line," Tickler said, relieving him of it. Joe frantically started pulling in the free line.

Tickler felt his own old heart thumping with excitement. He gauged the tugging on his fingers in order to decide what kind of a fish it was. It wasn't a salmon. A big salmon would have had the pole overboard long ago, and he would have come out of the water leaping like a silver flame. It was not a big pike. A big pike just tugs and tugs, savagely and sullenly and chops at the line with his ugly retracted teeth. Tickler closed his eyes the better to get a feel of this one.

"Joe," he said, "This is a big fish. As sure as you're there, Joe, this is a big trout." He knew it was. Fifty years of fishing would let you know from the pull of the line. He started to haul in, hand over hand. Joe, the other wet line lying around him, was on his knees, his small hands gripping the sides of the boat. Tickler was surprised then at the way the fish was coming easily toward them. Surely there should be more fight in him. He looked back and he saw the great body of the fish, flaccidly curving, surrendering lazily and almost lovingly to the pull of the hooks in its jaw. Just turned over and over without fight and came nearer and nearer, and there he lay under them, flat on his side, yielding, too big. Tickler thought, to fight. He held a tight grip on the line with one hand and reached for the net with the other. He eased the net under him. It was ludicrous. The net wouldn't fit him. The net only covered his middle cut. So Tickler let down the net gently and reached for the crude gaff behind him. He fumbled for it, found it and then brought it forward.

JOE was thinking: Oh God! please let us land this fish. Don't let this fish get away. He had his hands up to his mouth. He was biting on his knuckles with his teeth. His face was pale. He had never seen such a fish. He seemed to be half the length of the boat. He seemed to be bigger than any fish Joe had seen in the glass cases.

Tickler stretched forward with the gaff.

He was going to put it under the trout and gaff him in the belly when he thought: What am I doing? His hands were trembling. He was sure he was pale. This was the biggest trout that Tickler had ever seen or even dreamed about when he was young. Tickler thought a lot in those few seconds, and then he reached the tip of the gaff to where the hooks of the spinner were caught in the trout's jaws. He tapped the hooks gently and they parted and the fish was free. It lay there unbelieving

on top of the water for three seconds, lying almost belly up, then it turned slowly, slowly. Its head found the water. The great tail flicked. And it was gone.

Joe had reached a hand for it. He saw the green-black back disappearing and that was all and then he looked at Tickler.

"But you let him go!" Joe said. "You let him go! You let the great fish go."

It was then that Tickler realized that there was somebody in the boat with him. He winced at the accusing look in the boy's eyes. I should have thought of Joe, he realized, in complete dismay. Why didn't I think of Joe?

"Why did you do it, Tickler?" Joe asked. "Why in the name of God did you do it?" Joe was bewildered.

"I'll tell you," said Tickler, suddenly realizing that anything he could say wouldn't do. You couldn't explain to Joe. Not at his age. He would have to be fifty years older.

"Joe," he said. "I want to fish for another ten years. If I took that fish home, I would never fish again. Listen, why do you fish? So that someday somewhere you get the Big Fish. All right. You get him and what have you got to fish for? You have no purpose. That and this. You can't eat big fish like that Joe. Their flesh is not good. You can't eat them see. So you sell them and somebody stuffs them and puts them in a glass case and there's a little card with your name on it and it tells that at such and such a time you caught this fish, and your life becomes different Joe, I tell you. You won't be the same man. They will point you out: That's him, that's the fellow that caught the twenty-five-pound trout on the lake."

"Was he? Was he?" Joe asked. "Was he twenty-five pounds?"

"He was," said Tickler.

"You should have caught him," Joe said. "You should have caught him, Mister Murphy."

Tickler opened his mouth to speak. And then he shut it. What's the use, he thought, how could you explain? They didn't talk any more. There seemed to be a chill on the air. The sun was dying. Tickler rowed home. The boy had turned his face away and was looking back at the mountains with unseeing eyes.

Tickler knew one thing for sure. Joe would never want to fish with him again. That saddened him. He dropped him off at the white rock. Joe didn't look back. He just went on the way home with his head down. Tickler knew that tomorrow Joe would be fishing from the white rock, but that he, Tickler, would have to find another way to the fishing grounds. He sighed and he was very sorry and he rowed away.

THE SIGN POST

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by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Immaculate Conception

How can I explain the Immaculate Conception of Christ's Mother to a non-Catholic?—T. McC., DETROIT, MICH.

It is one thing merely to explain what is meant by a proposition, another thing to prove that it actually is so. It is easy to explain what Catholics understand by the Immaculate Conception of Christ's Mother. To prove it to a non-Catholic is easy or difficult or impossible—depending upon many personal factors, especially his prejudices or open-mindedness.

The truth of Mary's Immaculate Conception was defined, officially and infallibly, in 1854, by Pope Pius IX, as a fact revealed by God, to be believed by the faithful always and firmly. It is, therefore, a Catholic doctrine that the Blessed Virgin Mary, from the very first instant of her conception, by a *unique* grace and privilege conferred by the Almighty, and by the *immediate* application to her soul of the merits of Christ, the Saviour of the human family, was preserved, immune from all stain and stigma of original sin. In other words, when Mary's soul was infused into its body by the Creator, it was not bereft of the divine graces forfeited to all mankind by the "family sin" of Adam and Eve. Her soul was normal, not below par; her soul was immediately adapted for her adoption as a child of the Divine Family.

When we say that this truth was defined as recently as 1854, we do not mean that it was discovered only then, or that prior to 1854 it had not been the belief of the universal Church. An infallible definition is voiced in order to emphasize and dignify the truth at stake and to reassure beyond the shadow of doubt the faithful of all times and every place. An infallible definition is bolstered by either one or both sources of divine information—Scripture or/and Tradition.

Unfortunately, most Protestants do not admit that there is another source of divine revelation, distinct from the Scriptures and equally reliable. And yet, from the earliest days of Christianity—before Luther or Henry VIII or Calvin were ever heard of—Tradition was acknowledged as a font of divine revelation, on a par with Scripture. The only difference between the two is the fact that, originally, one part of divine revelation was transmitted to posterity in writing and the other part orally or by word of mouth. The Scriptures attest the equality of Tradition: "We give thanks to God without ceasing, because when you had received of us the word of the hearing of God, you received it not as the word of men but, as it is indeed, the word of God. . ." (1 Thess. 2:13) Similarly, the Apostle Paul exhorts the converts of his day: "Brethren, stand fast and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word or by our epistle." (2 Thess. 2:14) If divine revelation to men may be likened to a treas-



ure map, then those who rely solely upon the Scriptures are tragically wanting in guidance.

For our Catholic Faith in the Immaculate Conception, the Vicar of Christ defining and we believing, depend, for the most part, upon divinely revealed Tradition, rather than upon the Scriptures. Here and now, we stress this point because if a non-Catholic does not see eye to eye with us as to the divine caliber of Tradition, then we lack a common ground for progress from that direction. Again, for a foolproof interpretation of both Scripture and Tradition, we need the enlightenment of infallible guidance. We know where to look for such guidance: non-Catholics do not. Hence, non-Catholics are not geared to accept the assurance of Mary's Immaculate Conception which appeal to Catholics.

Finally, there is a consideration, the force of which depends upon a person's idea of Christ and upon his sense of what is fitting. If we are convinced that Christ is truly divine and that Mary is His Mother, we can perceive readily that it is only proper that her soul be untainted by original sin. God could confer such a privilege; with the utmost reverence, we may say that He should have done so. Hence, we may be confident that He did so, as the only appropriate thing. If that argument in behalf of Mary's privileged Immaculate Conception does not appeal to your non-Catholic friend, then there is something radically wrong with his answer to Our Lord's inquiry: "Who do men say that the Son of Man is?" (Matt. 16:13)

Ease the Way

A Catholic has not been to the sacraments for over thirteen years and has broken every Commandment of God and Church. She is at a loss as to what to do.—I. S., OANGE, N. J.

The sacrament of repentance was instituted for emergencies such as this. Judging by your letter, you are a kind person. Exhort and encourage this poor soul to go to confession without delay. Try to reduce her exaggerated concern within normal proportions. In computing the number of times that she had sinned, the confessor will not insist upon mathematical precision. A reasonable estimate can be formed on the basis of how many times a year, or month or week or day. Obviously, her many prayers over the years when she has been bereft of God's grace have not been in vain, for she has received the grace to repent. You seem to imply that this woman fears it would take her five years to make financial restitution. But under the circumstances you describe, the usual obligation of restitution would not urge. You have a providential opportunity to serve in a most practical way as a lay apostle. "If any of you err from the truth and one convert him, he must know that he who causeth a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death and shall cover a multitude of sins." (James 5:20)

"Out of Bounds?"

How can I explain to a non-Catholic why they are not allowed within the sanctuary of a Catholic church?—A. S., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

Because of the Eucharistic Presence of God, the Catholic sanctuary is even more sacred than the very restricted Holy of Holies of the Old Testament Jewish temple. Strictly speaking, only those who have been at least initiated into the clerical state, by the ceremony known as Tonsure, have a right to enter the sanctuary. In the early days of the Church, the celebrant of Mass was assisted by an ordained server, known as an Acolyte. Only in the course of time and in exceptional cases have laymen been permitted within the sanctuary. Nowadays, the most frequent instance, aside from altarboys, is that of a married couple on the occasion of a Nuptial Mass. Without being offensive, you can point out to your non-Catholic friend the incongruity of bringing an unbeliever within the most sacred part of the church—reserved to God Himself and for divine services.

Nothing Neutral

Is it not true that some actions can be morally indifferent or neutral—that is, neither moral nor immoral?—G. W., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

By a human action, we understand a conscious, responsible action. For that very reason, we cannot classify any human action as morally neutral. In appraising any and every action, we have to consider not only what a man does, but also his purpose, his motive, and any circumstances which may make his action morally better or worse. To kill another is not necessarily a case of murder. To give an alms to the poor is in itself a good thing, but to give an alms knowingly to one who will spend the money sinfully is wrong; so too, the giving of a donation in a spirit of vainglory. Theft is wrong, but to steal the sacred vessels from a church is an added circumstance which makes a bad matter worse. In weighing the merit or demerit of human actions, we have to consider also a man's advertence or inadvertence to the rightness or wrongness of what he is about to do, and his freedom when doing it. All of the above features of human actions are implied when we refer to a "conscious, responsible action."

Ring of the Fisherman

What is meant by the Pope's Ring of the Fisherman?—A. K., MIAMI, FLA.

This ring is one of several worn or used by the successor of St. Peter. It is a seal or signet ring, engraved with an image of the Prince of the Apostles fishing from a boat and encircled with the name of his reigning successor. It is used for the sealing of papal documents. At the death of each Pope, this ring is broken up and a new one made for the next Vicar of Christ.

Masons

Shortly after "Life" magazine featured the illustrated article about the Masons, a non-Catholic confronted me with several objections to the Church's attitude toward Masonry.—F. R., WATERBURY, CONN.

The Church is opposed to Masonry not merely because it is a secret society, but because of its oath of absolute secrecy, to which no such society has a right to bind a person's conscience. To an extent, and properly understood, the Church has been "dictatorial" in barring Catholics from membership in the Masonic Order—and with ample reason. Many Masons

as well as Catholics do not realize that Freemasonry has a long history of bitter hostility toward the Church. Hence, the penalties imposed upon Catholics who disregard this prohibition of the Church. Hence, too, the absurdity of the claim that one can join the Masons and also remain a Catholic in good standing.

Censorship

I find it difficult to explain and defend the Roman Catholic Index.—J. G., HARRISBURG, PA.

It is a human mystery that men who are sane and sober do not object to traffic laws, that they approve the accurate labeling of medicine bottles, that they want their children to have no truck with Communist propaganda, and yet they resent the safety measures set up by the Church for Catholics. The *Index of Prohibited Books* is simply a list of those books which have been brought to the attention of the Holy Office and which have been found seriously harmful, whether in connection with faith, morals, worship, distorted history, or the like.

If your friend be handicapped by a "Don't fence me in" complex, it is futile to argue with him. Every balanced person realizes the difference between intelligent liberty and the unbridled liberty often called license. Physical freedom is measured only by our capabilities—in that sense, we are free to do whatever we can and according to whim, regardless of whether we should. Intelligent and moral freedom is monitored by conscience. It is no mere play on words to say that out of regard for God, our neighbors, and our own best interests, we *may* not do whatever we *can* do. For a copy of the masterpiece by Pope Leo XIII, entitled *Liberty—Man's Greatest Gift*, write to The Paulist Press, 401 W. 59 St., New York 19, N. Y.

Salvage

We have many patients from sparsely settled areas, where religious services are few and far between, and for whom rosaries and other religious articles are a rarity. In "Sign Post," I have read of people who have such things—still usable—to dispose of.—M. T., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

We are glad to direct the attention of our readers to your plea, in behalf of patients who are bereft of some of the religious comforts which most of us take for granted, and to ask them to salvage any such articles for the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph's Hospital and Sanitarium, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

General Judgment

We read in the Gospels that, at the time of the general judgment, all will be called from the four corners of the earth. Since we are supposed to know all about who's who at that time, how about those in heaven? Where do souls rest between the particular and general judgments?—J. L., FOREST DALE, VT.

Immediately after death, each soul undergoes his particular or individual judgment, followed at once by his consignment to hell, purgatory, or heaven. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." (Hebrews 9:27) There is no reason for delay of reward or punishment, for death closes down the period of probation or opportunity.

Many of the details in sacred scripture, apropos of the general judgment, refer directly to the earthly aspects of that event. Even when the heavens are spoken of, the reference is to the physical heavens. But that emphasis upon the

"coming of the Son of Man" and upon the upheaval of nature by no means excludes the assembly of all souls, regardless of where they have spent the time between their individual judgments and the general judgment "of all nations," "of the living and the dead."

Frankly, we do not wonder that you are confused over some of the Gospel passages, assigned for public reading at Sunday Masses. Only too often, the text calls for an expert and very lengthy explanation, without which one feels intellectually frustrated. If there be a Catholic library nearby, we recommend that you consult the *Catholic Biblical Encyclopedia* by Steinmueller-Sullivan.

Still Eligible

My husband has divorced me and remarried. I understand that a divorcee is barred from admission to the Catholic Church.—J. S., SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

The ignorance betrayed by your Catholic advisers is abysmal! There is no reason whatever why you cannot now realize the ambition you have nurtured since high school days. Too bad you did not take the step as soon as you were old enough to be independent of your parents, or at least before you decided to marry your one-time husband. Go to one of the priests on the staff of the parish wherein you reside, arrange to take instructions in the Faith, and be no longer of "a very troubled heart."

Non-Catholic Marriages

Some non-Catholic and non-Christian co-workers claim that the Church does not recognize as valid any marriage except a Catholic marriage. Can a divorced Protestant remarry within the Church?—B. H., DES MOINES, IOWA.

Assuming that the parties concerned are free to marry one another, the Church recognizes as valid *any and every* marriage, before a Justice of the Peace or a minister, provided that a Catholic is not one of the parties. If one or both parties to a marriage be a Catholic, then for that reason the Church alone has jurisdiction.

Under given circumstances, it is possible that a divorced Protestant might remarry within the Catholic Church—either as a Catholic or as a non-Catholic. An obvious case would be when the previous marriage could be proved to have been invalid. Another instance would be the application of the Pauline Privilege. This privilege applies when two unbaptized persons are gravely incompatible on religious grounds, when one of them becomes a Catholic and wishes to marry a Catholic. In such a case, the former marriage bond is dissolved by the second marriage. As for the particular case you refer to, it is impossible for us to voice an opinion, because too many pieces of the puzzle are missing. We urge that you submit the matter to the matrimonial office of your diocese, either through your parish priest or personally.

Sin Against Faith?

Is it all right for me to attend the ordination to the ministry of a non-Catholic clergyman who is a close relative of my husband—also a non-Catholic?—E. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

As a general policy, it is permissible to attend a non-Catholic service under certain conditions. As a courtesy we may attend a non-Catholic service, on occasions such as a christening, wedding, funeral, or ordination, provided we take no active part whatever in the service. To take any active or official part would be a practical endorsement of an heretical

sect or of an otherwise false religion. In certain circumstances, courtesy is not a sufficient reason for even passive attendance. Examples would be the wedding of a Catholic outside the Church, a non-Catholic christening of their child.

Matrimonials

a) Is it a sacrilege for an unwed mother to wear a wedding veil at her marriage?

b) Is a divorced Catholic obliged to welcome back her unfaithful, civilly remarried partner?—H. T., BUFFALO, N. Y.

a) We expect that, until doomsday, the superstition will be current that it is sinful for an unwed mother to wear a wedding veil or a white gown at her marriage. The older lady in your group was incorrect in stating that, if he knew of the situation, no priest would permit the ceremony. The pregnancy of an unwed girl is scandalous to the extent that it becomes known to others, but that angle is quite separable from her subsequent marriage and her wedding attire. Aside from a sacramental confession, the girl is under no obligation to mention premarital sins to the priest, when arranging for her wedding.

b) According to your outline of the case, the fault was 100 per cent that of the unfaithful husband. We trust that the faithful wife, who obtained the divorce, had applied for permission to the matrimonial office of the diocese. Many Catholics do not realize that permission is necessary, not only to apply for a divorce, but even for separation. Your non-Catholic informant is incorrect in claiming that the Church will insist that this divorced, remarried, now repentant husband must be welcomed back by his true wife, despite his infidelity and incompatibility. However, as in all such cases, the matter should be referred to the bishop's office for counsel and competent decision.

Negro Popes?

Is it true that there have been two Negro Popes? Was St. Augustine a Negro?—M. E., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

At least three of the early Popes were born in Africa, but they were not Negroes—St. Victor I, St. Melchiades, and St. Gelasius I. Nor was St. Augustine a Negro. He was born on November 13, 354, at Tagaste, a village in Numidia, an ancient country in North Africa, which corresponds broadly with modern Algeria. Negroes derive their origin from Africa and Oceania, but not all Africans are Negroes.

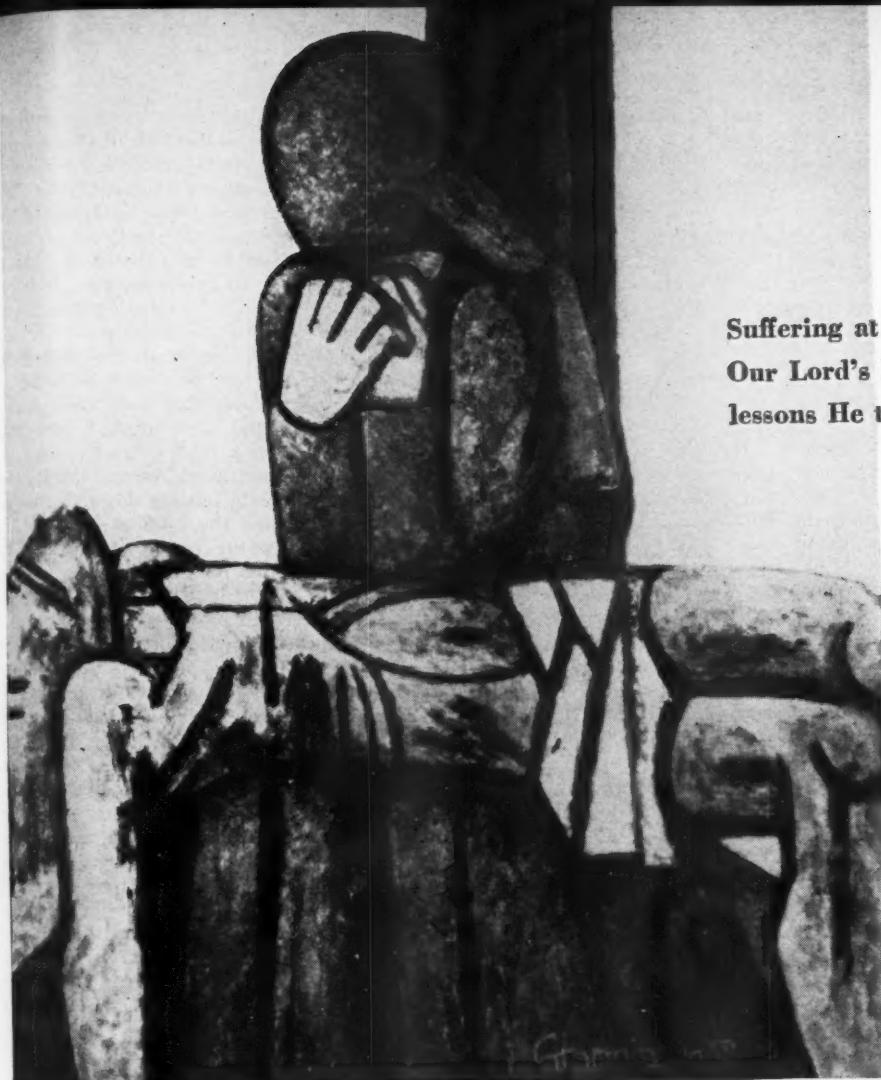
Alcoholics Anonymous

What does the Church think about Alcoholics Anonymous?—S. A., SHREVEPORT, LA.

While the Church has made no official pronouncement as to this organized group for mutual help among alcoholics, it is safe to say that the Church is not opposed and, at least up to the present time, has no reason to be opposed. *AA*—as the organization is usually referred to—is not a religion. In fact, members are encouraged to make the very most of whatever moral help they can derive from their respective faiths. You probably misunderstood the supposed claim of a member of *AA* that their objective and methods must have a priority over wife, family, and church. The distinctive advantage of *AA* is that the membership is made up of former weaklings who have learned, the hard way, how to overcome the weakness. Hence, they have become expert in the psychology of helping one another to persevere and in encouraging newcomers to cope with a weakness which involves both sin and disease.

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Suffering at the foot of the Cross,
Our Lord's Mother mirrors all the
lessons He taught on Calvary



THE CROSS AND OUR LADY

by Bertrand Weaver, C.P.

Because the Son of God chose to teach divine wisdom in a special manner through His holy Cross, we are not surprised that the Cross throws light on every fundamental question that confronts us in this world. And because God always acts with munificence, neither are we surprised that our Divine Teacher willed to have at His side on Calvary an associate teacher of wisdom.

We will here scan the chapters of this new and conclusive Book of Wisdom which the Incarnate Word of God wrote so rapidly and masterfully on the Cross. And we will see how His Mother, by mirroring in her own person the wisdom that He taught, illustrates and illuminates each chapter.

The Cross and Length of Life. By dying on the Cross at the age of thirty-three, Christ teaches us that the important matter is not how long we live, but the way we spend the time which God gives us, whether that time be long or short. By accepting the prolongation of her life into her sixties, Mary teaches us the same lesson.

By offering His life on the Cross in His thirties, Our Lord is showing those who die early in life that they are not being cheated. He is teaching that with God quality is far more important than quantity, and that a few years well spent are much better than many years ill spent. Our Lady is teaching a similar wisdom. She is showing those who live

to a more advanced age that long years, instead of being regarded as a protracted waste, should be used to grow in wisdom and grace.

The Cross and Achievement. The supreme achievement of Christ was the saving of the human race from eternal doom by means of His redeeming Cross. As His co-operator par excellence in this tremendous work, His Mother shared in His achievement. So important and intimate was Mary's participation in the saving of mankind from eternal perdition that the Church has never hesitated to give her the title of co-redemptrix.

By uniting her unbounded sorrow on Calvary with the sacrificial suffering of her Divine Son, Our Lady was vividly

illustrating the doctrine that the suffering of every member of the mystical body of Christ become precious when joined with His. She was expounding in practice the teaching St. Paul was to enunciate in saying that he made up for the Church in his own body those things which were lacking in the Passion of Our Lord. Mary could not have taught more clearly than she did on Calvary that all the members of the Church not only can, but ought to, share in the achievement of her Son by uniting their crosses with His.

The Cross and Material Goods. Standing under the living parchment of her Son's body, Mary saw written there the greatest lesson in detachment from earthly goods ever given to mankind. Not only did she see Christ allow Himself to be divested of His garments, but she witnessed His even greater act of detachment in permitting death to strip Him of the body which had been woven from her flesh.

Our Lady had learned detachment very early at Bethlehem when she could not even provide a house for His birth. But her detachment reached its perfection when death, in stripping Him of the human body which He had taken from her, stripped her of His earthly presence. Thus, as His able co-teacher, Mary gives us a living commentary on the wisdom of detaching ourselves gradually from the things of this world in order to grow in attachment to the things of heaven.

The Cross and Human Relations. By dying for humanity on the Cross, Christ gave the world the classic exemplification of His doctrine of love, for greater love than this no one has that one lay down his life for his friends. Taking her cue from the great Teacher, Mary also taught love of mankind through the telling method of demonstration. Although she did not die for others, what she endured while standing under the Cross was enough to have caused her death. "Happy the senses of the Blessed Virgin Mary," says the Church, "which without dying, earned the palm of martyrdom beneath the Cross of Our Lord."

The Hearts of Our Saviour and His Mother were united on Calvary in sacrificial love for mankind. "The divine blood and the tears of the Mother flow together," writes Dom Guéranger, "and are mixed for the redemption of the human race." As was true of the sacrifice of her Son, all her suffering was for others, for she needed to offer none for herself. Under the Cross Mary gave us an example of love for others only second to that of our loving Redeemer.

The Cross and Prayer. Christ gave His final lesson on the necessity and power of prayer on the Cross. The means He

used to obtain strength to suffer His ordeal was prayer to His heavenly Father. Mary had learned the wisdom of constant prayer from her Divine Son during the years at Nazareth. Absorbing the wisdom of her supreme Teacher to the end, she imitated Him by spending the awful hours on Calvary communing with the Father. As He continued to pray for strength to accept His Father's Will regarding His physical Crucifixion, she never ceased to ask for strength to accept His Will regarding her mental crucifixion.

Because His prayer was offered with sentiments of perfect acceptance of His Father's Will, it was a prayer of infinite fruitfulness. And because her will was more perfectly united with God's than that of any other purely human being, her prayer also bore incalculable fruit. Thus Mary joins her Son in teaching us not only that strength to surmount great trials must be sought first of all in prayer, but also that prayer which comes from a heart that is in harmony with the Heart of God has tremendous power.

The Cross and a Sense of Sin. Surely nothing could show more clearly than the Crucifixion of the Son of God the awful meaning of sin. Isaias said without qualification that the Saviour was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins. "If Christ was made sin for us," in the daring words of St. Paul, next to Him, Mary felt the terrible weight of it on her innocent heart.

Under the Cross especially, Mary experienced the dread sense of sin which in our own times she has communicated through her wonderful apparitions. In the messages accompanying her appearances, Our Lady spoke of sin and its consequences as though she had just come down from witnessing the price that she and her Son had paid for its atonement on Calvary.

The Cross and Life's Purpose. The essential fact about the Cross is brought out by St. Paul when he says that Christ was obedient, even to death on a Cross. Thus on Calvary, our Divine Master was exemplifying the one teaching that summed up His whole doctrine—that the entire purpose of life on earth is to carry out God's Will. Here again Mary could not have better fulfilled her role as co-teacher.

If Our Lady had a motto, it might well have been her words at the Annunciation: "be it done to me according to Thy word." While it cost Mary a great deal to accept God's Will on many other occasions, what it cost her to say "be it done to me according to Thy word" on that tragic Friday afternoon will be known only in eternity. By accepting grief "great as the sea," she united with

Our Lord in giving us an example of bowing before the Will of God when it could not have been more difficult.

The Cross and Human Pride. The world's greatest lesson in humility was given by Christ on the Cross when He endured public humiliation the like of which we can hardly imagine. It is evident that every humiliation inflicted on Him was also a humiliation for His Mother. Perhaps we do not sufficiently advert to the very real addition to Mary's anguish that came from seeing her Son and God mocked and blasphemed on a felon's Cross.

Thirty-odd years before, Mary had sung of God's putting down the proud and exalting the humble. On Calvary she reads us the lesson that there will be no exaltation for us unless, like her, we accept and imitate the humility taught and practiced by her Crucified Son.

The Cross and Human Hope. Christ through His saving Cross completely raised the hopes of humanity made desperate because of its burden of sin. But it was Mary who not only gave us the Saviour of the world, but who joined Him in the work of our redemption. On Calvary, Son and Mother united to restore hope to a hopeless race.

We give due recognition to the part she plays in the hope we have of receiving God's grace in this life and the glory of heaven by calling her in the *Salve Regina* our life, our sweetness, and our hope. The Church readily applies to Mary the words of Ecclesiastes: "I am the Mother of fair love . . . and of holy hope."

The Cross and Courage. The most heroic figure in history is that of the Crucified Christ. And if we can single out a picture of singular womanly courage, it is that of His Mother standing under His Cross. St. John, in saying that Mary stood by the Cross, gives us a portrait of Our Lady bravely serving with her Son as a breaker of God's just anger.

Mary was prefigured by Judith, the valiant woman of the Old Testament who entered the camp of Holofernes and slew him to protect her fellow-Jews. The Church addresses to Our Lady words which were first addressed to Judith: "Thou hast not spared thy life by reason of the distress and tribulation of thy people, but hast prevented our ruin in the presence of our God." United with her heroic Son, she gives us a shining example of the fortitude which we must all practice in the battle of life.

If we are grateful to the illuminators of medieval manuscripts for adding beauty and vividness to God's written word, how much more grateful should we not be to Christ's Mother and ours for thus illuminating the Book of the Cross.

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Rev. Joseph Gallagher
of Baltimore Cathedral and
Carl Moser, Jr., rehearsing
for "Church Crafts" program
on Church vestments



RADIO AND TELEVISION

by John Lester

COMPREHENSIVE TV coverage of the 1956 Olympic Games was so glaringly conspicuous by its absence that it must be put down as a disappointment as such events are measured.

Viewers all over the world, except in Russia and its satellites, were deprived of a complete pictorial account of the games despite greater interest than at any time since their revival.

Not that it's any consolation, but set-siders in the U.S. probably fared better than those in other countries outside the Iron Curtain via a series of half-hour films of competition high-spots for which Tommy Harmon did narration and Bob Mathias the interviews. Seen on independent TV stations throughout America, it could be said they were better than nothing. However, they were a poor substitute for what could have been and should have been presented.

They contained more flaws than I have either the space or patience to list. All were several days old by the time they were viewed. Film quality was generally poor, and most of the footage seemed to have been shot from the Melbourne stadium roof as though even this "concession" had been granted reluctantly.

The amount and kind of films that could be taken were strictly limited by

Olympic Committee regulations and these affected everybody but Russia.

The committee gave many reasons for not allowing unlimited TV coverage. There was, for example, the claim that complications could result from commercial sponsorship because of the Games' amateur status.

American TV interests argued this and the other equally ridiculous excuses advanced during preliminary meetings with the committee as long as eight months ago, and the matter began assuming a stalemate complexion even then. Frankly, I felt certain a compromise would be reached and when it was not there grew among the more excitable a suspicion of a gigantic plot to hamstring TV, especially American TV.

Plot or not, the deed was done.

The whole sorry mess assumes real significance when one considers that the majority of the world's TV sets are in America, which was unable to watch while its athletes were handed a face-losing trouncing, thanks to the Olympic Committee's unique judging and medal-awards systems in certain events.

On the other hand, America's chief competitor, Russia, took thousands of feet of film without an official finger being raised and, naturally, is using them for propaganda purposes.

The conclusions to be drawn from this are as disgusting as they are obvious.

Fortunately, representatives of the powerful American press were in Melbourne to observe and report what actually happened and to bail out American TV to some extent.

Fortunately, too, there's a strong ray of hope for 1960 in all this and TV interests, nursing their lumps, have already gone to work.

The pressures they plan may result in drastic revisions of the Olympic Committee's structure and function, in regard to other matters as well as TV coverage.

And a revision of the American group, headed by Avery Brundage, is almost a certainty.

"Church Crafts" Popular

Although each of the United States is rich in Catholic tradition and heritage, Maryland is richer than many. So it's fitting and proper that a radio-video series like *Church Crafts* should originate there.

Produced by William H. Shriver, Jr., the series is a project of the Catholic Activities Committee of the Maryland State Council of the Knights of Columbus. The first 13 programs were heard

on various radio stations throughout Maryland while their TV version was seen on Baltimore's station WMAR, Thursdays from 5:15 to 5:30 p.m.

The second series of 13 programs, some of which will be repeats, is scheduled to begin soon.

The series' premise, repeated at the beginning of each segment with showings of church, sanctuary, and tabernacle illustrations, is stated in the legend:

"This is a Catholic church, a place where people gather to worship, a place where stone and wood are carved into praise. Here the rhythms and colors of painting and sculpture, the craftsmanship of metal and cloth and a hundred other materials find their proper place. . . ."

Following this, a priest-interrogator appears with a lay authority in such fields as architecture, sacred vessels, statuary, paintings, vestments, stained glass, music and sculpture, among many others. Together, priest and layman relate the history, antiquity, purpose, and significance of each in a Catholic church.

A special pamphlet, *But Why the Holy Water, Candles and Beads?*, is also offered to viewers of each program.

Church Crafts has enjoyed unusual acceptance throughout Maryland, and the interest stimulated in other states is equally unusual, considering its short time on the air.

The series has also been designated as "outstanding" in the public service category by several awards groups.

Bell Series Rings It

The new Bell System TV Science series looks like a double-barreled TV entry from the standpoint of viewer-interest and entertainment as well as attention due its behind-the-scenes phase.

At least *Our Mr. Sun*, its initial offering (Nov. 19, CBS-TV, 10 to 11 p.m., NYT), carried these pluses.

Designed to impart information about the Sun and show its vital importance to life on earth, it accomplished this with a mixed cast of "live" and cartoon personalities, assorted charts, diagrams, still and motion pictures.

Dr. Frank Baxter, noted lecturer and Shakespearean authority, appeared as "Dr. Research," and Eddie Albert, as "Fiction Writer," shared narration and contributed to the light mood of the piece. A pompous, vain, balloon-faced "Mr. Sun," the star of the hour, headed the cast of animated characters that included "Father Time," "Thermo, the Magician" and a secretive little fellow called "Chloro Phyll."

Together, the human and cartoon characters labored through a weak in-

roduction but shifted into a high, fascinating gear when "Dr. Research" began detailing portions of man's accumulation of knowledge on the program's subject. From then on, the minutes flew and interest never lagged, which always means only one thing: a good show.

In this case, the show was excellent.

I was pleased to note that Bell allowed the hour to run without interruption, contenting itself with brief commercials at the beginning and end, a consideration I'm sure many, many viewers appreciated. Even more gratifying and commendable, however, was the strong concluding reference to God, as the Author of the universe, that urged the audience to have faith and confidence in the future—an inspiring and thoroughly appropriate touch.

Bell planned and researched this TV Science series for about four years before releasing *Mr. Sun* and had the technical help and advice of a board of leading scientists. Between now and January, 1958, the company will present three more hour-long programs, also "designed to bring science vividly to life." Four programs a year will be presented each year thereafter. All future hours will carry the same format, stressing pertinent facts through "live" and animated action, and each will be on color film budgeted around \$150,000, the approximate cost of the first.

Not all programs will be shown on the same network or at the same time, however, as Bell is more interested in reaching the greatest possible audience with each offering than in establishing a regular viewing habit, and so will pick its spots. Even the hour slated to follow *Mr. Sun* hasn't been slotted as yet, although the sponsor is shopping for a late February or early March date.

This second hour, by the way, will be on the circulation of the blood and will be titled *Hemo, the Magnificent*— "Hemo" being short for hemoglobin. The third, tentatively scheduled for May or June, will deal with cosmic rays, and the fourth, in August or September, with the weather, generally, and, specifically, with significant changes that have taken place in recent years.

New Shows Coming

Red Skelton will switch from buffoonery to something serious when he produces a teleseries titled *Almost Divorced*, for which he already has the backing and support of numerous church, civic, and family relations groups. Purpose of the series will be to show how much sorrow and tragedy were averted by cou-

ples who planned to divorce (actual cases) but talked over their problems sensibly and went on to live happily ever after. TV needs a series of this kind and, if done properly, it should perform a great public service and fill a tremendous private need.

The *Johnny Wildlife* filmed series will feature "all forms of life above, below, and on the earth" and is designed to be both entertaining and educational. It'll also be both expensive and extensive, according to Screen Gems, which already has invested \$1,000,000 in it without even bothering to land a sponsor or line up a network!

Gene Autry Productions began work recently on *Tales of the Barbary Coast*, which will deal with fictional and true stories of and about San Francisco, circa 1900.

Ken Murray, who has had difficulty getting started since being signed as an "idea man" by NBC-TV, premieres his first series soon, a weekly panel show called *Hobby Pay-Off*. It will feature children of movie stars and their young guests from all over the world and stress the lifelong advantages of the right hobby.

Arlene Francis, of *Home, What's My Line?* and other shows, will star in a filmed offering titled *The Senator is a Lady*. She'll portray a fictional lady-soloon, "Sen. Virginia Madison" against a Washington background.

In Brief

Don McNeill finally signed with NBC for five years. A daytime show starring the popular *Breakfast Club* emcee is being readied as you read this. Show is part of the web's plan to bolster its noon TV schedule but it won't interfere with Don's Club chores. . . . "Fury," the equine TV star, is currently suffering so much from an asthmatic condition that other horses must be hired to "double" for all strenuous sequences. . . . A spectacular based on the last seventy years of American journalism is in the works. It'll probably run two hours on at least two TV networks and is almost a cinch to be one of the biggest spectacles to date. And it'd better be. . . . John Mitchum, handsome brother of Hollywood's Robert Mitchum, has so many TV offers he may give up his insurance job. He'll be sorry if he does.

An organization named the American Guild of Animal Artists (AGAA) is being formed as you read this, primarily for the benefit of winged and four-legged creatures in TV, the number of which is increasing by leaps and bounds. The AGAA not only seeks to establish social security and old-age pension plans for

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these "actors" (all branches of show business will be included eventually), but also hopes to be able to set up a "home" for them as soon as possible. . . . Jack Webb recently purchased film rights to *Death of a Sand Flea*, which was seen on *Kraft* some months ago. Webb will produce and star as a drill instructor in charge of turning out seasoned marines. . . . Incidentally, "Fury" will have some competition soon when another horsey series, starring a beauty named "Snowfire," premieres. . . . Expect a major radio web to announce a 90 per cent music, 10 per cent news policy any



NBC—THEN AND NOW—Much of the history of NBC, currently observing its thirtieth year, can be traced in this unusual group of pictures, beginning with the informal portrait of RCA-NBC's Gen. David Sarnoff taken at his company's Communications Center at Rocky Point, L. I., with his former boss, Guglielmo Marconi, one of the "fathers" of wireless communications.

The pictures of Will Rogers, Graham McNamee (interviewing the great Babe Ruth), Bob Burns, Tommy Riggs, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Rudy Vallee, Joe "Ya Wanna Buy a Duck?" Penner, Bob Hope, and Jim and Marian Jordan ("Fibber McGee and Molly") show how these stars looked in NBC's infancy.

Milton Berle launched the new era, "The Age of TV," and was the first major entertainer to have his own TV series—in 1948. The talented vaudevillian was promptly acclaimed "Mr. Television," brought business to a standstill every time he went before the cameras, and single-handedly popularized the new medium with the American public.



day. That'll rock the industry all right.

The *Blondie* filmed series, starring Arthur Lake as "Dagwood," seems ready to go again. Several times in the past year sponsor or other trouble developed at the last minute. . . . Seven-year-old Evelyn Rudie, the star of *Eloise*, has a whopping offer to do a *Little Orphan Annie* spectacular. . . . Sportscasters have decided to keep cameras off injured football players next season. Viewers don't seem to mind, but sponsors have been making a fearful racket over the practice. . . . *TV Reader's Digest*, set to return to the air, was somewhat less than

a huge success the first time around. . . .

There's plenty of trouble on the *Noah's Ark* set these days, bad trouble, and Jack Webb can be expected to replace himself as director, at least, any minute. . . . TV rights have been acquired to all material in *Yank*, the World War II Armed Forces publication, including nearly 10,000 stories and 3,500 articles by such names as William Saroyan, Robert Neville, Marion Hargrove, and Bill Mauldin.

Broderick Crawford has had his son in hiding since receiving those kidnap threats.



BOOKS

TOWER IN THE WEST

By Frank Norris. 362 pages. Harper. \$3.95

Tower in the West, which won the 1957 Harper novel award, is the story of a rootless society which moves restlessly from place to place, wresting whatever it wants from the weak or uninformed, observing no rules except the rule of the jungle. When they try to invent a law of their own, they sound childish. They act on the assumption that men are dupes or strong men armed.

The novel is full of action, movement, people, conflict, but the story seems unreal, the people passive, because they act without motivation and without visible effects. Life passes over these characters, leaving them only a little more unscrupulous than they were before.

The central situation illustrates this static quality of the action and characterization. When Jeff Hanes is killed in an automobile accident in Norway, his wife is already carrying her lover's child, and Jeff's brother, hoping to avoid scandal, marries her. What he hopes to accomplish by this action is not clear. He never lives with her and cannot help Jeff's children very much because of her petty malice. Even considered as pure idealism, which it is not, the action seems silly and distorted. Speaking of this years later, George says that it was "badder than hell." All too often, they discuss moral platitudes of their own making and sound merely frivolous.

The action moves from place to place, perhaps, as George says, so that the characters may cleanse themselves. Movement is substituted for action. The narrative moves from St. Louis to California, New York, and Princeton, then back to St. Louis again. This may have autobiographical significance as Norris moved from place to place during his childhood and youth—he lived in Richmond, Knoxville, Atlanta, Washington, and St. Louis.

The central symbol of the title was inspired by Louis Sullivan's auditorium in Chicago, which Norris admired very much. In this novel, it stands for a union of what is functional with what is beautiful.

The novel is alive in spite of the long expository passages, some of which are very interesting. The characters are often

explained rather than created, but in spite of all this they come alive. There are many vivid incidents in the book which are neatly stitched together. The author knows how to handle a lot of people without losing track of them and he does know how to make the surface of life vivid.

N. ELIZABETH MONROE.

SON OF DUST

By H. F. M. Prescott. 287 pages. Macmillan. \$3.75

It is misleading to catalogue *Son of Dust* as the story of a sin, but essentially it is just that—from the thought to the deed and on to the scourge of guilt that cries out for repudiation and repentance. Yet nothing is sordid here, for the philosophy lifts the sinners in triumph from the bog of their transgression.

Though this is the book's first appearance under American sponsorship, it was published originally in England almost twenty-five years ago and undoubtedly helped establish Miss Prescott's reputation for historical reporting.

Members of the Geroy family of eleventh-century Normandy are the protagonists, with the shadowed love affair of Fulcun Geroy of Montgaudri and Alde, wife of Mauger of Fervacques, forming the backbone of the narrative.

In her new happiness after fleeing from Mauger, Alde is slow to realize—and only then through the sharp consequences to others—that she and Fulcun have committed mortal sin. She knows suddenly but one course is possible, and the author brings very close the soul-anguish of the two lovers as they turn from each other and endeavor to find again, from where there is nothing, God.

The whole panorama of the century recreated is marvelously lifelike, from pastoral scenes with the serfs in the Montgaudri fields to the fierce charge of knightly, hand-to-hand combat. Even the minor characters are drawn to a scale of remarkable reality, and that surely is the indelible seal of the singularly gifted writer.

In addition to being both powerful and probing, the novel is an excellent



H. F. M.
Prescott

suspense vehicle. I believe, before it is finished, you will have changed your mind half a dozen times about the outcome, as I did.

LOIS SLADE PUSATERI

THE FBI STORY

By Don Whithead. 367 pages. Random House. \$1.95

In a foreword to this fairly detailed history of the Federal Bureau of Investigation since its founding by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1908, J. Edgar Hoover credits the efficiency of his organization to the "self-sacrificing teamsters at work" of the men under him. That the over-zealous self-sacrificing teamwork exists is amply borne out by what follows; the fact remains that the FBI is what it is today because J. Edgar Hoover is what he is. Few recent books bring out more clearly the fact that a federal bureau is only as good as the moral character of its one responsible director. The FBI is, in truth, the lengthened shadow of two men—of Pat Hoover and of Harlan Fiske Stone, the late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who had the good sense to name Hoover to the job.

When Stone took over as attorney general in 1924, the fumes of Teapot Dome were still fogging the American atmosphere and the FBI was "a dumping ground for patronage appointments." Asked by Stone to head up the bureau, Hoover, then the 29-year-old boss of a bureau division, said he would "on certain conditions . . . the bureau must be divorced from politics . . . and responsible only to the Attorney General."

Replied Stone, "I wouldn't give you the job under any other conditions. That's all. Good day!"

Since then the work of the bureau has been exemplary. Perhaps the most valuable section of Whithead's story of the FBI is his clear exposition of just what the FBI can and can't do under the law. Whithead cites at least one criminal case in which there seems to have been a miscarriage of justice because the FBI could not intervene. His suggested solution to this problem is not that more power be given to J. Edgar Hoover, but that more J. Edgar Hoovers be put into local police departments the country over—a suggestion with which this reviewer fervently concurs.

The book evidences what appears to

be a little haste in the writing and is occasionally prolix. These are picayune objections, however. On the whole it is a satisfactory and informative volume.

MILTON LOMASK.

PATRICK J. HURLEY

By Don Lohbeck.

513 pages.
Regnery.

\$6.50

Some ten years ago Patrick J. Hurley released his scathing denunciation of State Department sabotage of American foreign policy. Since this was an act virtually unprecedented in American diplomatic history, he caused a stir in Washington. He had hoped, before the excitement died away, to awaken the American people to the corruption within our Department of State.

At the time, he claimed that certain Department men had subtly diverted the course of foreign relations from the policy announced by the President; that with the exception of a few overt acts—giving military plans to the Communists at Yenan, turning secret documents over to the Communist *Amerasia*, endorsing British diversion of lend-lease supplies in the Middle East, etc.—most of their treasonous activities were of an intangible nature. These renegades of course held: (1) that the Soviet Union was a "true democracy"; and (2) that anyone opposed to Communism was, *ipso facto*, a "Fascist."

Pat Hurley, then Ambassador to China, was smeared as "Fascistic." George Marshall was forthwith named special envoy and assigned "to do a particular job . . . in China." The "job" Marshall performed is well known; Hurley's efforts to keep the Communists out of China unfortunately are not. This provocative study focuses on Hurley's battle with the pro-Commie clique that dominated the Far Eastern section of the State Department; moreover, it lends support to the late Senator Taft's thesis that "if the Administration had listened to Pat Hurley in 1945, the nation of China would not now be in Communist hands nor would we have had the . . . war in Korea."

Not only does this volume relate the fiasco of our State Department, it tells as well the life story of a great American. And it tells it well.

GEORGE A. CEVASCO.

THE BERNAL DIAZ CHRONICLES

Trans. & Ed. by Albert Idell.
Doubleday. 414 pages.

\$5.00

This is the second book published this year based upon the monumental *Chronicles* of one of Cortes' most trusted conquistadors, Bernal Diaz del Castillo. The earlier volume (see THE SIGN, April 1956, p. 71) was the first American edi-

tion of Don Bernal's famous manuscript based upon an English translation that appeared in 1908. The present work is a new translation based on a modern Spanish version that was published in Mexico in 1950. This is, therefore, the first completely new edition of the story of the conquest of Mexico in fifty years.

Don Bernal's own story will remain forever enormously exciting in whatever version or edition it is read. It is a story of heroism and tragedy filled with a sense of immediacy that can come only from a firsthand report.

The earlier English translation, however, is a more literal version of Don Bernal's tale. It is, therefore, hampered by the untutored skill of the author who naturally wrote as an ordinary foot soldier and not as a literary stylist. This more recent edition successfully unravels the disheveled syntax of the original manuscript and provides a considerably more readable account. It remains, at the same time, faithful to the real meaning of Don Bernal's own words. Many titles and terms are given a more modern and, thus, more meaningful rendition. Of particular interest is the book's appendix, an engaging chapter on the route of the conquistadors as it can be followed today. In general, Mr. Idell has done an excellent job in helping us to retrace the footprints of Cortes and his companions in adventure.

CHARLES P. BRUDERLE.

THE THREE KINGS

By Richard Sullivan.
Harcourt, Brace.

180 pages.
\$3.50

The Three Kings starts with an unpleasantness in King Herod's apartments, and unpleasantness in King Herod's apartments has an unpleasantness all its own. The Magi are not exactly edifying either. Gaspar is a money-grubber, Melchior power-hungry, and Balthasar, believe it or not, as Gaspar says, "sniffs after everything in skirts."

The dialogue is a colorless and rather vulgar blend of Bond Street and Broadway. Everyone, from Herod on, talks it. In fact, they all speak in so much the same way, it is sometimes quite hard to tell them apart.

Herod's efforts to halt the Magi's quest provide the plot. By bribing Gaspar with a fake gold mine, Melchior, with political backing, and Balthasar, with his own mistress, he almost succeeds. Then, opportune as the U. S. Army in a cowboy movie, the Star reappears above the horizon and the old rascal's nefarious plotting is foiled.

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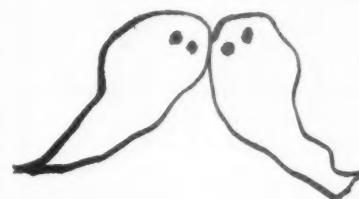
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Translated by John Doebele

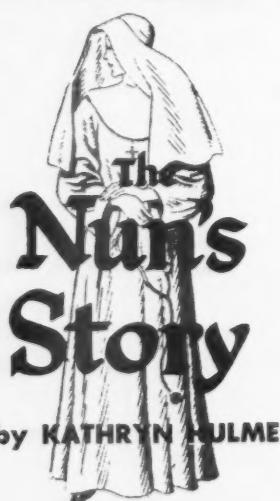
In this work the author candidly outlines and denounces the frightful evils inherent in and associated with modern total war. Among the other matters discussed are the Church's responsibility for peace, the question of conscientious objection, the personal duty of peace, and the United Nations. There is also a very valuable commentary on Pius XII's Christmas address of 1948.

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The aim of a Christmas tale is surely to inspire devotion. Unfortunately, in *The Three Kings* too long a time is spent with the unsavory Herods, not enough on the way to Bethlehem. The closing chapters, which describe the Magi at the stable, the flight, and the slaughter of the innocents, are truly vivid and touching. Too much, however, that is indifferent has gone before.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN ROME

By Robert F. McNamara. 858 pages.
Christopher Press. \$15.00

This extremely handsome edition will be a joy to the many distinguished graduates of the famous institution which it celebrates. Father McNamara, a priest of the diocese of Rochester, New York, has succeeded in transcending the limitations of "official" history in order to present a friendly yet balanced account of an institution of tremendous importance to the Catholic Church in the United States.

Based on research in original documents, *The American College in Rome* is not so overly burdened with historical technicalities that it becomes unreadable. As His Eminence Edward Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit, states in his Foreword: "While, therefore, Father McNamara's volume will receive an enthusiastic welcome from the Alumni and other devoted friends of the College, it should appeal to a still wider circle of readers." Indeed, in one reviewer's opinion, this publication represents Catholic historical study at its best.

H. L. ROFINOT.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

By Sven Stolpe. 311 pages.
Pantheon. \$4.00

In this convincingly researched and richly phrased account, a Swedish historian new to the English-reading public presents St. Joan as a genuine mystic. Stolpe puts less emphasis than previous writer on Joan's triumphs—the raising of the siege at Orleans, the crowning of Charles VII at Rheims, etc. His emphasis is on Joan's "weaknesses"—on the military errors to which she contributed following the coronation, on the fact that at least once she disobeyed her "voices," and finally on her temporary recantation during the sordid trial at Rouen.

What Stolpe is saying, in effect, is that the true significance of St. Joan does not lie in the fact that she saved France from the British and helped end the Hundred Years War. It lies rather in the startling degree to which the latter years of her life parallel the Passion of

Our Lord. In so interpreting Joan, the author makes her a saint of peculiar relevance to our times, a fellow-sufferer as the book's publishers aptly put it, with the "half-yielding" martyrs of Communist brain-washing.

Still another and provocative strain runs through the book. The memory of a popular saint always suffers at the hands of the sentimentalists. Witness, for example, what has happened to St. Thérèse of Lisieux, whose memory has been conscientiously vulgarized by the sort of people who, in Stolpe's words, "like to bring every saint down to their own spiritual level." St. Joan, Stolpe contends, suffered from this sort of thing during her own lifetime. She suffered from the myths and legends created by her followers. Their insistence on crediting her with deeds of magic that she never performed made it easy for her persecutors at Rouen to implement their charge that she was a "witch" and to send her to the stake. Mr. Stolpe's "moral" is plain, and plainly worth pondering.

MILTON LOMASK.

ADVENTURER SAINTS

By Abbé Omer Englebert. 276 pages.
Kenedy. \$1.00

Adventurer Saints is a group of biographies of five saints who, though differing widely in personality and temperament, had one bond in common. They were adventurers all, not because they sought adventure but because they boldly accepted the divinely appointed role offered and then lived it to the hilt.

An excellently compressed life of Joan of Arc includes pages of verbatim testimony from her trial in 1431 held before an English-appointed ecclesiastical court. Here the honesty, simplicity, and caustic wit of the Maid is well illustrated.

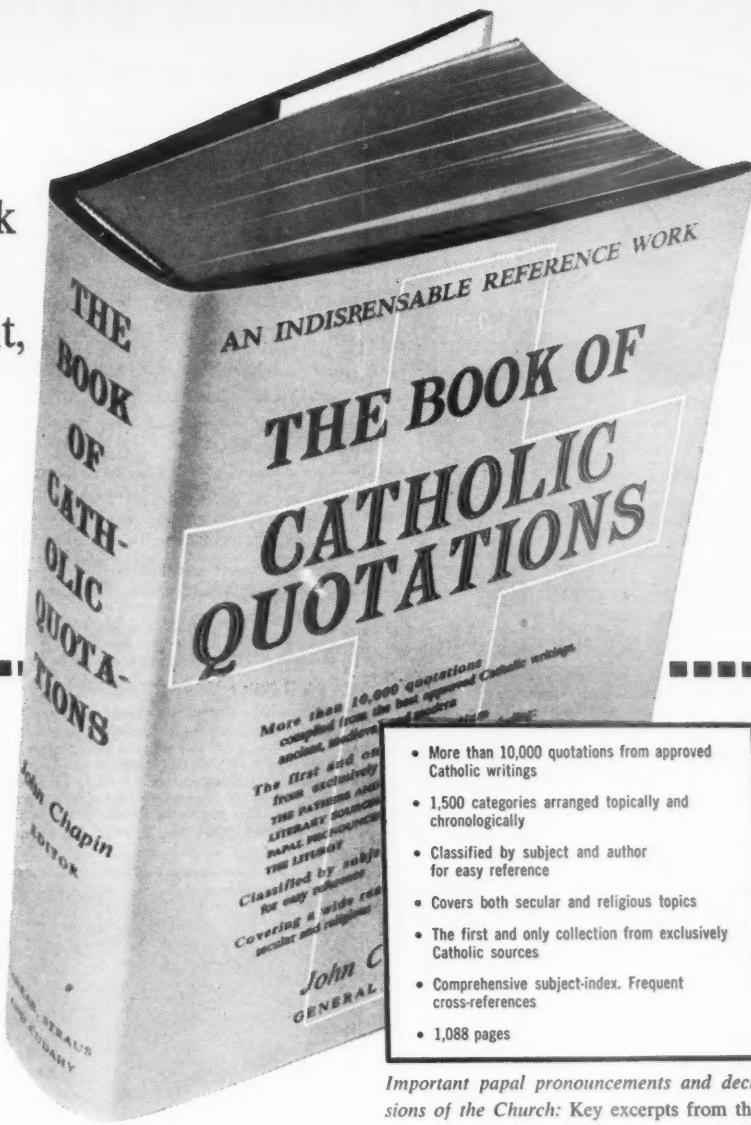
From the fourth century Abbé Englebert brings us St. Martin of Tours, called by one poet of the Middle Ages "The greatest of all the saints in Paradise." This is a live, colorful portrait of the apostle who converted Gaul and who is known as the father of western monasticism.

Less familiar is the name of Peter Chanel, nineteenth-century French Marxist who undertook to evangelize the island of Futuna, north of the Fiji archipelago. Father Chanel was received by King Niulike with a kindness that was short-lived. The missionary saw little result of his heroic work, but his bloody martyrdom had planted "the seed of Christians" and today Futuna and



O. Englebert

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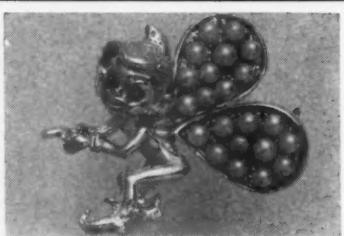
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By Hans Habe.
Frederick Fall.

Off Limits is a novel of American-Occupied Germany between 1945 and 1949. Written simply and directly, its event-filled plot pauses occasionally, but never too long, to discuss pertinent moral issues. Occasionally, also, in the chapters about an ex-commander of a concentration camp and her masochistic American protector, good taste is offended.

Much of the book is historical reporting and interpretation—Black Market conditions, Nuremberg and Denazification trials, the currency reform. It is, as well, expert story telling. Two German Jewish brothers return to their native city as American officers; the wife of a high Reich official stands trial; a U.S. colonel pines for his star. Its cast contains baronesses and street walkers, veterans of international banking, the Underground, Wehrmacht, and Dachau. Almost every group imaginable except one—the clergy, is represented; almost every human motive except a religious one.

Despite its scores of skillful portraits, political decisions provide the plot's moving force. The extra-ordinary complexity of the problems facing the American Occupational authorities are described vividly and with thoroughness. But because the book is the work of a fine novelist, it is the story of how their decisions, right and wrong, affected many

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individual Germans. This lifts *Off Limits* above exposé or historical treatise, to the rank of striking and informative fiction.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

WARM WIND, WEST WIND

By Anna Matthew. 374 pages.
Crown. \$3.95

England under the first Tudor is the setting for Miss Matthew's novel, a period in history not unlike our own. There is the menace from the East, in this case the Turkish Empire moving its crescent grimly toward Western Europe, and there is the new horizon following John Cabot's voyage to North America.

The early sixteenth century was also challenging men's minds. It was the era of Erasmus, Thomas More, the Oxford scholars, and the first stirrings of a desire for the Commonwealth of Man. Miss Matthew has woven these facets of Tudor life with considerable insight and writing skill.

Regrettably, she has not carried these qualities over to her protagonists. The principal figure is Crede Canynges, a young lady of remarkable business instincts, who takes over her father's shipping interests when he goes a-voyaging to the fabled New World. Crede marries a young man in the shipping trade, but continues to dream of her dashing cousin, who had sailed off to participate in the semi-official pirate operations in Cornwall.

What happens to them is not particularly interesting, but the author has provided a striking series of backgrounds for their anguish. She has also proved that it is both possible and intriguing to write a historical novel without drenching it in sex. It may lessen the chances for a Hollywood sale, but it does make the novel more acceptable to the mature reader.

JERRY COTTER.

KHRUSHCHEV AND STALIN'S GHOST

By Bertram D. Wolfe. 322 pages.
Praeger. \$3.95

More than half of this book is occupied by the text of the famous *secret* report delivered last February to the twentieth congress of the Communist Party by Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev, dehaloing his predecessor in the first secretaryship of the party, Josef Stalin, accompanied by the author's running commentary.

An over-optimistic world greeted the earliest rumors of this report as symptomatic of a change of heart in the rulers of the Soviet Union. If the nightmare of Hungary were not on the front page of our newspaper as a daily reminder that this was wishful thinking, Bertram Wolfe's book would surely make it clear

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PAULA BOWES.

SHORT NOTICES

THE PAPAL ENCYCLICALS. Ed. by Fremantle. 317 pages. Putnam. \$10. This invaluable collection contains moral pronouncements made by the Papacy from the times of St. Peter to the days of Pope Pius XII. The encyclicals are presented in chronological order with brief explanations which give the necessary historical background. Even a superficial examination of the contents will impress the reader both with the universality and consistency of the papal statements and with their adaptability to changing situations. Gustave Weigel has contributed a somewhat pedantic Introduction entitled "The Significance of Papal Pronouncements."

CRITICISM AND CENSORSHIP. By Walter Kerr. 86 pages. Bruce. \$2.75. The Catholic critic Kerr approaches the complex problems of morality, art, censorship, and the Catholic critic in this expanded version of the fifth lecture in the Gabriel Richard Series, delivered at St. Louis University in 1954.

He claims that the Catholic critic of today, caught between "the claims of criticism and the qualms of conscience" (title of the lecture), has adopted a double standard of judgment. He claims that the Catholic critic of today, caught between "the claims of criticism and the qualms of conscience" (title of the lecture), has adopted a double standard of judgment. To those who have assumed that to be the precise function of the Catholic critic, i.e., to evaluate on the moral basis, as well as on the artistic, Mr. Kerr's theories and musings on the subject are at least interesting.

Much being said in this lecture has basis in fact, but a good part of it is open to question and debate. For one thing, the discussion is "loaded" with such sweeping and glittering generalities as "the generally low taste of the Catholic community in America has been a minor scandal for quite a time now." In what circles? By whom?

THE HUNGRY SHEEP. By David Kelly. 244 pages. Newman. \$4.00. To give authority to a book dealing with the predicament of modern man in which the significance of the Soviet Union is a dominating element, its author's

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most impressive letters of credence should be, one might think, the very ones he presented some years back to the masters of the Kremlin as Ambassador of His (or was it already His) Britannic Majesty. And yet these are the credentials to which Sir David Ke makes the least reference. This is, in fact, still another version of the boy about the consequence of cutting Western civilization from its moorings of Christian faith which Prof. Christopher Dawson has been writing so brilliantly for quite a few years. This is not to say that it is without originality or interest. Sir David writes well and draws upon a vast fund of reading. And perhaps his thesis does need to be restated until a solution of the problem is found. But the reader's expectation of finding out in this work is not fulfilled. After following the author through the elaborate historico-philosophical architecture he has designed, he could be tempted to echo the title of its concluding chapter "So What?"

CENTER RING. By Robert Lewis Taylor. 250 pages. Doubleday. \$3.50. This book, a compilation of articles originally appearing in *The New Yorker*, deals with the private lives of some of the outstanding personalities connected with the Barnum and Bailey circus.

The style is what we might expect, considering the author's previous work and the market for which this book was written: polished, urbane, a bit too determinedly sophisticated, easy to swallow but insubstantial. Yet, in the midst of incredulous anecdotes and padded sections, the author displays his primary asset—the ability to bring his characters to life—and it cannot be denied that the portraits of owner John Ringling North, musical director Merle Evans, and trapeze star Arthur Concello, hectic and frenzied though they are, carry moments which are sometimes as entertaining as the Big Show itself.

THE OPPORTUNIST. By Samuel Youd. 184 pages. Harper. \$2.95. Though there are moments of high tension in this suspense novel, they are not sufficient to keep the reader intrigued. The story of an industrial empire is rector who recalls the events and companions of his childhood and youth. Samuel Youd, who received the Atlantic Award in Literature for 1947-48, adept in developing word sketches of his English characters but doesn't handle the situations as effectively as might. *The Opportunist* is the story of one Frank Bates, successful, eminent in the industrial world, who returns to the town in which he lived as a child. His recollections, particularly his friendship with the sons and daughter of the town doctor, form the bulk of this routine tale.

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A CANDLE FOR MY MOTHER

(Continued from page 17)

As long as I sought excuses, I found them, plentiful as leaves on trees. God did not pursue me during those years of backing and filling. He seemed to leave me strictly alone as I rummaged through the rag bag of my thoughts. Yet, not really alone . . . there was always the live memory of that Mass, the strange persistent happiness that flooded my soul every time I thought of it.

Sometimes I told myself that I had thrown myself upon the charity of the Catholic Church on the day of my mother's death only because I had been so deeply disturbed. I could be grateful forever for the refuge the Church had provided in my moment of need, but I didn't have to join it to prove that gratitude, did I? I was a writer. Everyone said it was fatal for writers to join the Church whose dogma put restrictive frames around the imagination. Just look at . . . and then I could never remember a single writer worth his salt who had turned mealy-mouthed after a conversion.

Rummaging through my memories I found odd scraps from my past. I'd had a playmate in my tomboy childhood in San Francisco who was a Catholic, who sometimes permitted us to examine the medals he wore about his neck which protected him, he said, from fires, from drowning, and even from having a broken home, like mine, since Catholics did not permit divorce. Divorce was the dark word that colored my whole childhood, and I remembered how I had stared at the little red-headed Irish boy who, despite the war between his parents which was neighborhood gossip, had a father still, simply because his church held to the letter of the vow "Til death do us part."

In the Spring of 1951 I came home, after the end of the postwar war for refugees which I had fought with charts and graphs and a great scoreboard showing how many visas had been issued to those displaced persons who chose "Amerika" as their haven. I came with one of the Catholic girls who had assisted at the Mass for my mother in Germany, one who wished to start a new life in a new land since the war had orphaned her also. I told her that California would no longer feel like home with my mother gone, but perhaps Arizona might be a good place to start. The State had sunshine all year 'round which we had not seen, except briefly in summers, during our six years in the Götterdämmer mists of Germany.

We came then to Phoenix and settled down so I might write the book I had already written to my mother. My friend meanwhile, being a nurse, could "get her feet wet" in American nursing and learn what to discard diplomatically (or

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seem to discard) from her European and Catholic nursing background. I drove her on Sundays to her church just as used to do in Germany. It was a Jesuit church. Only a Jesuit would do. I had sparred with that equivocation in the middle of Germany and now here I was in the middle of Arizona, on the very doorstep of the Jesuits, so to speak. Eventually, when I could summon up enough courage, I knocked on the door of the rectory.

I entered a small parlor bright with sunshine, warily, as if walking into a trap. I suppose that I expected to be grabbed at once and led by the scruff of the neck to the baptismal font. Instead, a gentle Father welcomed me and said that it would not hurt me to learn something about the Catholic Church since I was a writer and everything was supposed to be grist to the writer's mill. I'd not be wasting my time taking the instruction, he said, and if, afterward, wished to become a convert . . . we would see. Meanwhile, there was a library at my disposal. . . .

I read the *Scholastics* while I wrote *The Wild Place*. One half of me was pouring out the last years of the old life while the other half drank in the first chapters of the new. I did not always understand everything I read, but one amazing and exciting fact stood clear from every page: that there was not a single aspect of the Faith that had not been argued, fought over, even battled over again and again through the ages all the way from St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, and Duns Scotus down to the great philosopher-theologians of our own times such as Cardinal Mercier.

Then one day the Father said, "I think you know more about the Church than many Catholics, Miss Hulme. We'll receive you any time you are ready." There was a moment of panic. This time I knew I was playing for keeps. One admitted to the Communion of Saint one just didn't back out as if a wrong room had been entered by mistake.

"Do you think I'm ready, Father?" asked. "There is still the Virgin Mary. I don't feel yet quite used to her. . . . She had been a stumbling block since the beginning of my instruction. 'The new thing that has been added,' I have once explained, too worried to hear the seeming irreverence of my remark.

"Pray to her. She herself will teach you to understand her."

I was baptized two days later. I chose my mother's middle name, Frances, for my new name in the Church. The only time I've ever felt sorry for the boy Catholics was when I stood with Father Harry J. O'Brien, S.J., beside the baptismal font and watched with mature eyes and heard with mature ears the anointing and the words which purified me and brought me home.

TOO MANY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD?

(Continued from page 32)

cially in the underdeveloped areas. It would be difficult to find a population explosion that could not be sharply relieved by greater industrialization of the areas involved. Such industrialization takes capital, and getting capital to the population-problem countries is a job worthy of our best efforts. So too is the encouraging in them of capital accumulation. Creative capital is primarily the product of private effort, and adequate capital formation in the underdeveloped areas will come about only in an atmosphere friendly to private enterprise. Farsighted governments will help create that atmosphere.

2. Lower trade barriers. Take any small Latin American nation with an acute problem of rural underemployment. The need for additional jobs and income could effectively be met by creating one or several major industries, say in automobiles or farm equipment. No small country, however, could support such an industry, because the area in which cars or tractors could be profitably sold ends at the national borders—where the trade barriers begin. Trade barriers must be lowered before population-resource problems can be materially lessened.

3. Freer movement of people. This is simply another finger of the same glove. America's automobile industry thrives in a little corner of our country for two reasons. Thanks to the vision of the founding fathers, there are no trade barriers between the states so the industry has the whole country as its primary market. The other reason, thanks again to the founding fathers, is that Americans can move freely from state to state, so the industry can recruit brawn and brains from a large area. Another advantage of the free movement of people is that it facilitates the spread of literacy and of technical knowledge and skills.

4. Greater conservation of resources. This is an especially acute problem in our country where there are sections in which water, for example, is being used up faster than nature can replenish it. This economic factor, like so many, has a moral aspect in that it involves man's stewardship of the land which God has given him. Which brings us to the most important thing of all—

5. Hard work. In the long pull the solution of the population-resource problem will depend on the ability and the willingness of men and women everywhere to work at developing their countries in the same way that the pioneers worked to carve an empire out of the American wilderness. In truth, it is not a population *crisis* that the world is facing. It is a population *challenge*!

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 8)

of the population practice Voodoo, and 40 per cent or 45 per cent have contracted invalid marriages. . . .

Today Voodoo is doomed to extinction. Now when people hear the Voodoo drum beat in the mountains, it is a cause for surprise and malediction. The Houngan (Voodoo priest) has lost his hold on the people and is considered a vulgar charlatan, an object of scorn and hatred.

The future looks bright and we have every reason to hope that with the coming of the next generation, the evil will be well on the way out.

Alas, in spite of all these changes, Haiti has remained for many strangers the "Magic Isle" where the cult of Voodoo is still practiced by the majority. . . .

But in spite of all, today 80 per cent of Haitians are Catholic and the majority are fervent, practicing Catholics.

REV. VICTOR GOUSSE

CHICAGO, ILL.

Especially enjoyed the October issue with the article on "Haiti," since I had the opportunity of spending a week in that little country this summer. Those people are without a doubt—quoting from THE SIGN—"the happiest children of Adam on the face of the earth." Since they are, as THE SIGN also said, probably among the poorest, it really brought home the lesson to this American (materialistic) that money isn't everything! . . .

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"THE HUNTING OF THE UNICORN"

Ever since reading "The Hunting of the Unicorn," (November) I've wanted to compliment its author on his choice of a theme and the realistically interesting manner in which he developed it.

The name Frank P. Jay sounds very much like a pseudonym. The locale of the story, use of the name Christopher, and certain other things about the story prompt me to think it may be the work of Franklin Meyers, husband of Mrs. Marie Smith Meyers, a columnist for *The Catholic Light* of the Scranton diocese. . . .

LOUIS GENEREUX

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Frank P. Jay is not a pseudonym. Mr. Jay is a professor of English at Fordham University.

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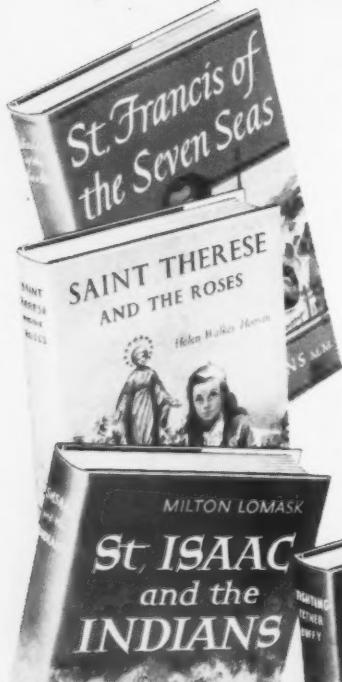
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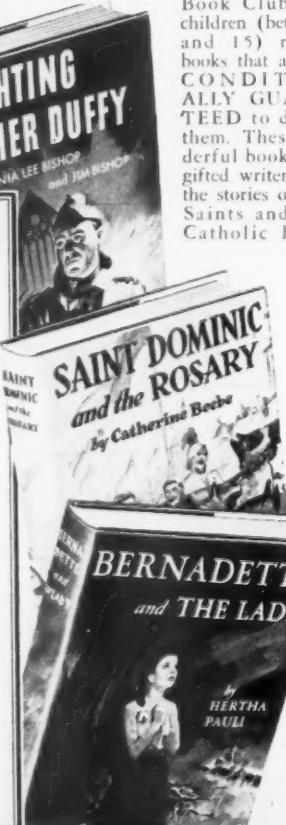
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They capture all the excitement of boldest adventure... the glamour of bygone days here and in far-off lands... and the inspiration of seeing high ideals fulfilled.

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Bernadette and the Lady St. Francis of the 7 Seas
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City: _____ Zone: _____ State: _____

Mr. _____ Mrs. _____ Miss _____
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